The Outlook

JUNE 22, 1921

PEACE BY RESOLUTION

IN one respect at least the House of Representatives agrees with the Senate concerning the re-establishment of peace. By an overwhelming vote (exactly five to one) the House has approved the principle of ending the technical state of war with Germany and Austria by Congressional resolution. When President Wilson so intertwined the Covenant of the League of Nations with the Versailles Treaty, he made it virtually impossible for America to reject the Covenant without rejecting the Treaty. Inasmuch as it is the Treaty which re-establishes the conditions of peace, and inasmuch as America has rejected the League, and therefore the Treaty, there are only two ways by which the technical state of peace in the United States can be formally recognized; one is by the negotiation of a new treaty, to which there are serious objections at this time, the other by the same means by which the state of war was recognized, namely, by a resolution of Congress. The absurdity of the present state of affairs, which is neither war nor peace, is indicated by the fact that we are still technically at war with the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Government, which no longer exists.

The World War is at an end. That was settled by the very terms of the Treaty of Versailles. There is only one belligerent left, and that is the United States, with nobody to fight. It is a situation worthy of "Alice in Wonderland." It continues in force legal powers and disabilities which, however necessary in war time, are both an incumbrance and a danger in time of peace.

Although the Senate and House are agreed that peace should be declared, they have not yet agreed as to the method by which they should jointly declare it. It has been argued that the Constitution deliberately places the initiative for restoring peace into the hands of the Executive through the power to negotiate treaties, and therefore a Congressional resolution declaring peace is a violation of the Constitution. In reply it has been said that any law or resolution which Congress has passed Congress can repeal. The Senate therefore has chosen to pass its resolution in the form of repealing the resolution of 1917 declaring the state of war. As an objection to this it has been asserted with some eloquence that a repealing resolution could be interpreted as an attempt to undo what was done when the Nation righteously resisted with all its force the attack of Germany upon its rights and liberties and the rights and liberties of all free people. In response to this argument, disregarding the Constitutional argument, the House has adopted the resolution in the form of a simple declaration of peace by means of the following language:

> *Resolved*, etc., That the state of war declared to exist between the Imperial German Government and the United States of America by the joint resolution of Congress approved April 6, 1917, is hereby declared at an end.

A similar section declares at an end the war with Austria-Hungary. And sections in the resolution reserve to the United States and its nationals the rights, indemnities, and advantages to which it is entitled by the armistice, the Treaty, the participation in the war, and the various acts of Congress.

To neither form of this resolution do any objections seem conclusive. On the whole, the form in which the House has passed the resolution seems the simpler, more direct, and more expressive of what really needs to be done. The resolution in neither of its forms takes the place of a treaty. What our relations with Germany will be will have to be determined by the usual method of diplomatic negotiations. The President has already said that as soon as a resolution declaring a state of peace is submitted to him he will sign it. It will still remain to the President to institute any negotiations for re-establishing by treaty normal relations with the Governments now in control of the nations which were formerly controlled by the Central Powers.

"It is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us"

ROBERT LANSING

Former American Secretary of State and Member of the American Peace Commission

discusses the Peace Treaty and the possibility of reorganizing the League of Nations from the standpoint of existing facts.

Mr. Lansing's clear, studious, and authoritative exposition of the methods which he believes may serve to solve the problem of our international commitments constitutes one of the most valuable contributions to the discussion of our readjustment to post-war conditions which has been written since the armistice.

We expect this paper to provoke Nation-wide interest among men and women vitally concerned with problems affecting America's relation to the rest of the world.

In the next issue of

The Outlook

THE FEDERAL RESERVE AND AMERICAN BUSINESS

THE Federal Reserve Bank System has made two announcements. Each is of wide general interest.

In the first place, it has issued a notice that the practice of accepting Liberty Bonds at par would be discontinued; henceforth loans must be based on the "approximate market value" of these securities. This notice is not surprising in view of conditions which have obtained for a long time and which have been heeded by business men generally. While the result of the present action will release certain funds for other purposes than loans on Liberty collateral, critics have thought it strange that a semi-Governmental institution like the Federal Reserve banks should take action that might result in depressing Liberty Bonds still further. As a matter of fact, the 3½ per cent Liberty Bonds did thereupon drop to 86, the lowest price on record. Their previous price had been depressed enough, owing largely to the fact that the Federal Farm Loan securities, also tax-exempt, as determined by the recent Supreme Court decision, pay a higher rate of interest.

The second announcement was that of conditions throughout the country during the preceding month. Attention has already been called by the Federal Trade Board and the Department of Labor to the disparity in the decline between wholesale and retail prices, wholesale prices having become much lower proportionately, with the consequent implication of a profiteer or two at work between wholesale and retail levels. The Federal Reserve statement confirms this disparity and forecasts serious obstacles

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to the final adjustment of wages unless retail prices move much faster to their final bases. In addition, in the adjustment between wages and prices there is great irregularity and lack of uniformity over large sections of the retail price field. High costs of transportation also constitute an element retarding readjustment. The employment situation, if we may believe this report, has shown no signs of improvement; on the contrary, all available evidence, it says, points to a slight increase in the numbers of the unemployed, despite the natural absorption at this season of labor by the farming districts. Another depressing influence has been found in climatic and soil conditions; there has been a prevalence of wet, cold weather and the fruit crop over wide areas has especially suffered. Despite all these drawbacks, however, the month of May was a month of more prosperous outlook. This was due in some degree to the hopes raised by the receipt of the first installment of the German reparations settlement.

THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT

DR. ROSA, of the Bureau of Standards at Washington, has just published a timely pamphlet. First, it is a rejoinder from a Government official, resenting some of the criticism concerning the alleged duplication and extravagance of the executive bureaus. Dr. Rosa shows that the necessary by-products of certain bodies, as, for instance, the State Department and the Inter-State Commerce Commission, concerning health must needs be useful to the Public Health Service, and that it would be foolish, by a too restrictive policy, not to take advantage of these by-products.

Second, the pamphlet defines the functions of government. Of course, governments—Federal, State, and city—have to spend, primarily, much money in the discharge of their protective functions; that is to say, protective against invasion or encroachment from outside (as accomplished by the Army and Navy); protection of life, property, and reputation (as accomplished by the police, the fire departments, and the courts); and protection against the spread of disease, either physical or social (as accomplished by sanitary provisions, asylums, and prisons).

The commercial functions of a government—such as the post office, telegraphs, railways, canals, reclamation—are, we do not always remember, practically self-supporting; and other branches, like the Forest Service, for instance, are partly self-supporting.

The developmental functions of a government are public education, public recreation, scientific and industrial research and investigation. As our public education is in the control of the several States, only about one per cent of our Federal expenditure last year was devoted to all these developmental functions. On public works we spend, say, two per cent, and on the primary governmental functions—the legislative, executive, and judicial departments—less than four per cent, while the payments for past wars and their consequences and present military expenditures involved about ninety-three per cent. Dr. Rosa expresses no opinion as to the relative proportion of expenditure to be devoted to military and civil purposes. He confines himself to insisting that of the civil activities the agencies through which the three branches of the government are exercised should be made as efficient as possible; the money put into public works, if wisely expended, is a profitable investment, and research, education, and development, Dr. Rosa affirms, are not only necessary to the public welfare and helpful to commerce and industry, but are actually creative and wealth-producing, and tend to lighten the burdens of taxation.

LOWERING WAGES

DOUBTLESS the most important event in the labor world this year has been the decision by the Federal Railway Labor Board to lower the wages of railway employees.

The decision provides for a reduction of about twelve per cent in present wages. The decrease will leave transportation workers in a better position than they were in last year at this time. In July, 1920, the wages of railway employees were increased by an average advance of about twenty-two per cent. The railway wage bill, it was estimated, was increased about $600,000,000 a year. The present decrease will, it is estimated, bring down that bill by about $400,000,000, thus leaving the workers some $200,000,000 to the good, as compared with their condition a year ago.

Nor is this all. The railway workers still remain an apparently preferred class of labor. They have, we think, suffered less proportionate reduction from the level of war-time wages than have most industrial employees.

The labor unions have not as yet given official opinions concerning the decision. Any adverse criticism, we suppose, will be along the line of a complaint as to the unevenness in the decrease.

As to the employers' opinions, they will be, we feel sure, to the effect that at least a fifteen per cent decrease was expected by them, if, indeed, not twenty per cent, and that a decrease of but twelve per cent cannot put the roads on a self-sustaining basis; hence, in particular, the decision does not, they will doubtless contend, clear the way to any general and drastic reduction in freight and passenger rates.

LOWERING RATES

BE this as it may, the sentiment of the country is strongly in favor of lowering rates. If it cannot be accomplished by a reduction in the largest item of the railway companies' expenditure—the item of wages—then it must be done in another way. An indication of that way is the appointment of a board of six distinguished engineers by the National Association of Owners of Railway Securities to investigate conditions and to prepare a plan of securing substantial economies. These economies will have to be as intensive as they are necessary to rehabilitate the properties as returned from Federal control.

There is general deterioration incident to poor conditions, high operating costs, and low earnings. Certainly owners of railway securities can but feel anxious when they read the statement that many railways are not earning the interest on their bonds, let alone their stocks. In the opinion of the engineers, we understand, further economies can best be obtained through co-ordination by the carriers into railway group organization. Unless such economies are effected, procurable rates and fares are not believed to be sufficient to maintain transportation in the public interest.

IN THE INTEREST OF INTELLIGENCE

ON July 1, unless Congress acts, will take place the final and largest advance in postal zone rates for second-class matter—that is, newspapers and periodicals. The advance will involve an increase rising in the eighth zone to ten cents per pound, which is more than twice as much as express companies charge for transportation. Separate rates are charged under the Postal Zone Law for reading matter and advertising matter; it is the latter rates which are affected by the advance.

Congressman Longworth has introduced a bill in the House the purpose of which is to postpone the advance on rates until a Joint Committee of Senate and House shall investigate, consider, and report to Congress as to the whole question of second-class postal service, and that not only as to the cost of the service but with a view "to ascertain the principles upon which the charges for such service should be equitably assessed."

What are those principles? Under the Burleson administration almost the only idea was to make the Post Office

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THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

LeCocq in the Portland Telegram

NO FULL SPEED AHEAD UNTIL—

From S. McClain, Portland, Oregon

Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial

WAKE UP!

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Morris in the Knoxville Plain Dealer

"IT'S TIME TO PUT OFF THE FLANNELS, SAMMY"

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

THE JUNE BROOD COMES OFF THE NEST

From Mrs. Gertrude L. Rang, Columbus, Ohio

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self-sustaining and to force each class of service to pay its own charges. The new postal administration has, we trust and believe, a wider view. The aim should be the best service to the people. One of the objects of the Post Office is to disseminate information and to aid the spread of culture and education. Repressive and exorbitant rates on newspapers and periodicals are simply a tax on intelligence; and the application of the zone system to the distribution of printed matter puts a premium on sectionalism and a drag upon the development of National feeling and National opinion.

The immediate passage of the Longworth Bill would afford an opportunity to have a broad-minded discussion of this matter and to determine what the true interests of the people at large demand.

THE FUTURE OF UPPER SILESIA

As the questions involved are studied it becomes more and more apparent that the Paris Conference had no clear and continuous policy as to the disposition of Upper Silesia. The final decision was agreed to, it now appears, with the greatest reluctance by Clemenceau, and even by President Wilson—the latter influenced chiefly, no doubt, by the theory of self-determination to change his first belief that Upper Silesia should go to Poland. It is generally agreed that the Supreme Council is not bound down to any precise course of action, and there are many who urge that it should return to the first intention of the Paris Conference and award to Poland Upper Silesia, or at least all the territory which voted for union with Poland regardless of the fact that some German communes may have to be included.

It is encouraging to notice that all the Powers concerned are now, officially at least, in favor of adhering to the Versailles Treaty as it may be interpreted by the Supreme Council. Poland, through its Premier, Mr. Witos, quite lately declared itself as standing firmly by that position. France, England, and Germany have all said the same thing, and so also (with some reservations) has Korfanty, the Polish leader in command of troops in Upper Silesia.

When we read in the papers of "pitched battles" between Germans and Poles in Upper Silesia—battles in which the numbers of wounded, and even the numbers of killed, mounted to scores—we must not forget that this does not mean battles between forces invading Upper Silesia from Germany and forces invading Upper Silesia from Poland. It means forces composed in the one case of Upper Silesians of German descent, in the other case of Upper Silesians of Polish descent, although in both cases it is quite probable that individual soldiers may have come from beyond the borders. Recent despatches indicate that the French and British forces in Upper Silesia are combining in establishing Allied authority and stopping aggression by either Polish or German irregular forces.

Korfanty himself is emphatically an Upper Silesian, and it is stated that

(C) Keystone

KORFANTY, LEADER OF THE POLISH INSURGENTS

he once represented German subjects in Upper Silesia (doubtless many of them of Polish race) as a Deputy in the German Reichstag. He has been compared with d'Annunzio because his action in the field is without the sanction of any recognized national government. But in temperament and purpose he is quite a different sort of person.

Since the British forces have been placed in Upper Silesia the authority of the Interallied Plebiscite Commission, still in control of the country, has grown in strength, and this despite the armed clashes noted above. The ultimate responsibility and decision lie with Great Britain and France, and the present indications are that, deferred and complex as are the questions involved, the necessity of common action will in this case, as has happened in others, force unity upon the Great Powers.

AMERICAN RIGHTS IN MEXICO

Secretary Hughes's recent statement and President Obregon's rejoinder are not to be considered as a demand and a refusal. They form rather an open discussion of certain existing difficulties which make immediate recognition of Mexico by the United States improbable. The present Mexican national Constitution contains, unfortunately, a provision which is a possible danger to American property rights in Mexico. It permits the confiscation by Mexico of concessions granted to non-Mexicans, and its wording makes it at least possible for Mexico to extend confiscation of this kind to property rights granted long ago.

It is natural and essential that the United States before entering into formal recognition of the Obregon Government, which rests on revolution, should know whether American rights, thus endangered, are likely to be attacked.

It should be remembered that the present Mexican Constitution was the work of General Carranza and his adherents, and that, in the opinion of some international authorities, it never has been ratified by a legally elected Mexican Congress. Nevertheless it appears to be accepted by the Obregon Government as the fundamental law of Mexico. It should further be remembered that, while the Constitution authorizes confiscation of the kind above described, it does not direct the Executive to carry out such a policy. It would therefore seem to be not unreasonable for the United States to seek for information from the present Mexican Government as to what it intends to do in this matter. To recognize formally the Obregon Government with this question in doubt would be to expose American rights to attack.

The statement made by Mr. Hughes is lucid and convincing. It does not, as some careless readers have supposed, demand that a treaty should be signed between Mexico and the United States before recognition takes place. As to this, indeed, it might be said that the negotiation and signing of a treaty would of themselves imply recognition. Nor does Mr. Hughes ask President Obregon to take any step which would be in contravention of Mexican independence or Mexican law. There is always an uneasy and suspicious feeling in Mexico that her dignity and independence as a nation are being slighted, and Obregon's reply to Mr. Hughes's statement was doubtless written to placate Mexican political feeling on this point.

What Mr. Hughes aimed at is best shown by quoting two sentences:

> The fundamental question which confronts the Government of the United States in considering its relations with Mexico is the safeguarding of property right against confiscation. . . . Whenever Mexico is ready to give assurances that she will perform her fundamental obligation in the protection both of persons and of rights of property validly acquired

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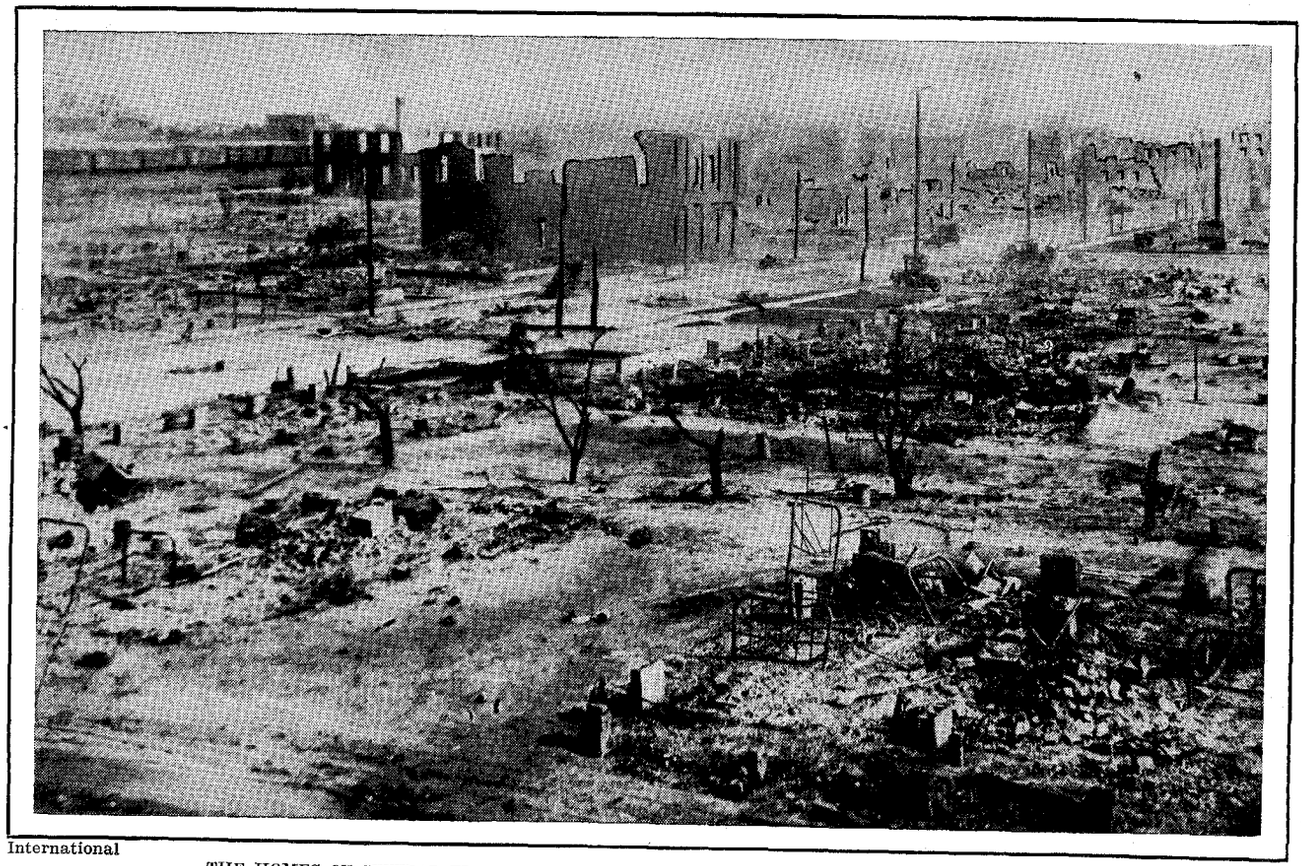
NATURE AND MAN: TERRIBLE IN ANGER

Underwood

FLOOD-SWEPT PUEBLO, COLORADO, WITH BRIDGE PARTLY SWEPT AWAY BY THE ARKANSAS AND FOUNTAIN RIVERS



International

THE HOMES OF SEVERAL THOUSAND NEGROES RUINED BY THE RIOTS IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA

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there will be no obstacles to the most advantageous relations between the two peoples.

Mr. Hughes not only does not demand any specific act from Mexico, he is at pains to point out that if, as is said in Mexico, there is no intention to construe or enforce the objectionable provision of the Constitution so as to do injustice to Americans, then it should be a simple matter to offer guaranties of this purpose by Mexico. He expresses the willingness of the United States to make a treaty of amity and commerce provided that the point is guarded in some satisfactory way, but by no means demands previous execution of a treaty. When, he says, "it appears that there is a Government in Mexico willing to bind itself to the discharge of primary international obligations, concurrently with that act its recognition will take place."

Like others of Mr. Hughes's state papers, when read as a whole, this statement is well-balanced and sound. It is not the United States which is pressing for a treaty. We can wait perfectly well both as to treaty and as to the recognition desired by Mexico until a properly constituted Mexican Congress unites with its Executive and, if necessary, with Mexican courts in taking measures satisfactory to the United States to insure the safety of American life and of American property.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE SOUTH

THE Republican National Committee has provided for a reapportionment of delegates to its quadrennial party Convention, a reapportionment which serves to cut down the number from some of the Southern States. The changes are shown in the following list of delegates accredited to ten Southern States in the Convention of 1920 and the number which will be accredited in the Convention of 1924:

	1920	1924
Alabama	14	14
Arkansas	13	14
Florida	8	10
Georgia	17	10
Louisiana	12	9
Mississippi	12	4
North Carolina	22	22
Texas	23	21
Virginia	15	16
Tennessee	22	24

Since the Convention is to be enlarged, the State which retains its present number is really subject to a reduction.

The new system is a move in the direction of relating the number of delegates more closely to the number of voters, but we can see no particular reasons why such a newspaper as the New York "Tribune" should head its account of this change:

REPUBLICANS
PURGE PARTY OF
EVILS IN SOUTH

The "Evils in South" from which the Republican party has long suffered and to which it can attribute a fair share of the disaster which befell it in 1912 lie in the control of Southern delegates by unscrupulous politicians. The present reapportionment may give these politicians less power, but it will certainly not of necessity purge the party of their machinations.

F. W. GALBRAITH

IN the death of Colonel F. W. Galbraith, Commander of the American Legion, the country and its veterans

International
COLONEL F. W. GALBRAITH

lose a strong and loyal friend. The first thought of Colonel Galbraith since his election in 1920 had been for the relief of men disabled in the war and for the rehabilitation of those who can hope to return to a normal life. He fully recognized the difficulty of the situation and he was as just as he was active in his endeavors to spur the Government on in its monumental labor. He criticised, but he also co-operated.

Colonel Galbraith was killed in an automobile accident in Indianapolis. His place will not be easy to fill.

THE PRESBYTERIAN LAYMAN ASSERTS HIMSELF

THE Presbyterian layman feels his democratic oats these days. In the recent General Assembly held at Winona Lake, Indiana, fifteen hundred overtures were introduced from the constituent presbyteries. This is said to be the largest number in the history of the Assembly. Many of them related purely to matters of organization, but some were indicative of the spirit of this virile group of evangelical Christians. Everywhere the layman was asserting himself and imposing his views upon the Church.

This lay voice is in some matters a conservative voice. The presbyteries are not ready yet to have women put upon a basis of complete equality in the Presbyterian Church. The General Assembly will, this coming year, send down a new proposition which would open the office of deacon to the women of the Church. This modest proposition has some chance of carrying.

Notably in the matter of union the spirit of the Church is at this time conservative. The plan for organic union which was formulated in 1918 was rejected by many presbyteries under the misapprehension that it involved union with "liberals," such as the Unitarians, or that it opened the door for union with the Catholics. The proposition is still alive, however. The best prospect of union lies in the proposals to unite the great denominations that hold to the presbyterian system of church government, both Presbyterian and Reformed.

The sound sense of the lay mind is to be seen in the pronouncement on the subject of mass evangelism. A proposal that the Assembly indorse the work of the Rev. William A. Sunday and other popular evangelists was defeated, though Mr. Sunday was invited to speak before the Assembly. The official action on evangelism declares for those methods of pastoral and personal influence which will bring the steady and permanent results upon which a great church can build securely.

The lay vote knows what to do with the ecclesiastical politician, for the man trained in the rough and tumble of ward contests is always more than a match for the preacher-politician. There is great impatience in the Church with self-seekers. When the Rev. L. C. Mudge, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was elected as Stated Clerk for five years, it was the most important election held in a generation. The late Dr. Roberts was Stated Clerk for more than thirty years. All the men who had sought the place were eliminated, and a man elected who had never dreamed of being a candidate. Dr. Henry Swearingen, of St. Paul, was made Moderator.

The "fundamentalists," an interdenominational group that holds that no evangelical Christian is orthodox without believing in verbal inspiration, blood atonement, and premillenarianism, came up to Winona Lake breathing

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International

LORD BYNG, CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

threatening and slaughter against the Chinese missionaries. The Presbyterians have had enough of heresy trials. The protests of agitators were buried in committee. The Presbyterian laymen may be conservative, but they are practical-minded enough to know that self-appointed regulators of orthodoxy encourage more heresy than they ever cure.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

All Canadian soldiers who fought in France must feel a distinct satisfaction at King George's appointment of Lord Byng, the hero of Vimy Ridge, to be their Governor-General, in succession to the Duke of Devonshire. Indeed, some Canadians prophesy that the new Governor-General will prove to be the most popular of any.

Lord Byng is fifty-eight years old. He is the seventh son of the Earl of Strafford. Lady Byng is known as the author of "Barriers" and of "Anne of the Marshlands."

The former Sir Julian Byng, a cavalryman's *beau idéal*, commanded troops in the Sudan, in South Africa, in Egypt, and in France. In the recent war he led the British Ninth Army Corps, then the Seventeenth, and, finally, the Canadian Corps. He it was who directed the famous "Battle of the Tanks" at Cambrai, and it was under him that the Canadians in capturing Vimy Ridge performed one of the most gallant deeds of the entire war.

His men have always had confidence in Byng. The confidence shown on the field of battle will, we believe, be transferred to the Dominion's fields of peace.

THE PENALTY OF TRUTH

Cable despatches from London recently reported the fact that Admiral Sims, on leave of absence in London, had again expressed his sentiments in regard to the actions of Sinn Fein adherents during the war. No authentic report of what Admiral Sims said has yet reached this side of the Atlantic, but, according to later despatches, Admiral Sims is reported as stating that his speech contained nothing which he has not already said on American platforms and in articles widely circulated on American soil.

Admiral Sims has at various times in his career been charged with verbal indiscretion. We have never seen the slightest indication that he was not ready at all times to take the consequences of his remarks without any attempt to dodge the issues involved. If Admiral Sims says that his London speech contained nothing which he had not already made public on American soil, his word to that effect can be taken without question. Nothing which Admiral Sims has ever said or published in regard to the attitude of Sinn Fein adherents towards Americans during the war need give the slightest offense to any loyal American, nor could it give offense to any Irishman who hoped for the victory of the Allies in the World War. In every utterance of Admiral Sims which we have seen he has carefully and emphatically discriminated between the type of Irish fanatics who mobbed our sailors in Cork and the type of Irishmen who gave their all for the defeat of Germany.

Promptly upon the receipt of the cabled reports of Admiral Sims's remarks, Senator McCormick, of Illinois, called for a Senatorial investigation, and the Secretary of the Navy cabled Admiral Sims, as was his right and perhaps his duty, for the facts in the case. A reply not being received immediately, the Secretary of the Navy then cabled Admiral Sims that his leave of absence had been revoked and peremptorily ordered him to return to America. The Secretary made this cable public, and its tone was of such a nature as to lead the readers to suppose that Admiral Sims had been proved guilty of an offense against naval discipline and the interests of America. Every officer, whether his rank be that of ensign or admiral, is entitled to have the charges against him judged by the facts. To publish such a cable as was sent to Admiral Sims will undoubtedly leave in the popular mind the impression that Admiral Sims has been disciplined, and the general public is not any too particular to inquire further into the rights and the wrongs of such a case. Outside of the Hearst papers, there seems to be a very general feeling that Secretary Denby has in this instance acted with ill-advised haste, and in so acting he has been guilty of unfairness to a distinguished officer who was his subordinate. It is doubly unfortunate that this should have happened in a case involving the relationship between Sinn Fein Irishmen and America, for it can only serve to strengthen the belief of these alien-hearted agitators that they can bend to their will American politicians and the course of American politics.

(C) Keystone

LADY BYNG, CANADA'S NEW "FIRST LADY"

A SUPER-GOVERNMENT ON TRIAL

It would not be easy even now for an idealist to work out upon paper a better scheme for a super-government to insure justice and maintain peace than that which was attempted in the Middle Ages. What that ideal was is described in a volume of the Ford Lectures at Oxford in 1905.[1] These Lectures give in scholarly detail and in a judicial spirit an account of the relations of State and Church, chiefly in England, during the Middle Ages, especially in the middle of the thirteenth century. The Roman Empire had broken up into various independent nations, each with its own customs, its own political government, and, except for the Super-Government, its own sovereignty. That Super-Government was exercised by the Papacy, which was "no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman

[1] Church and State in the Middle Ages. The Ford Lectures Delivered at Oxford in 1905 by A. L. Smith, Balliol College. The Clarendon Press, 1913.

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Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." This Super-Government had no considerable military power. It ruled by the consent of the peoples whom it governed. Its power was the piety, the conscience, and the public opinion of the various peoples. It rendered some real service to the world. It preserved the great public libraries, encouraged in a small class a love of literature, carried on public worship and a certain kind of education, and kept alive a smoldering faith in God and the future life. To it reformers looked for the moral power available for the abolition of abuses. It was "the intense conviction of the best minds of that age that on the connection with Rome depended the security of the national Church [in England] as against the secular power, the internal discipline and purity of that Church, and the whole prospect of further Reform."

The result has its lesson for our own time. Neither the altar rails of the cathedrals nor the walls of the monasteries were able to keep out from the Super-Government ambition, covetousness, gluttony, and lust. The Fourth Lecture in Mr. Smith's volume reports "Protests Against Abuses" made in the thirteenth century and records corruption which is almost unbelievable. One illustration must here suffice: The Pope appointed collectors of taxes, ravening wolves in sheep's clothing, a Roman historian of the time called them, who "were armed with 'thundering Papal bulls, and traveled about on excellent nags, with boots and spurs, a scandal to their order.'"

The lesson is written so plainly that willing students of history ought to be able to read it. No ideal scheme will secure justice and peace in the world if it fails to take account of the infirmities and the sins of mankind. No super-government can secure justice and peace for the world, whether it is administered by an official body of ecclesiastics, or by a committee of national statesmen, or by a parliament of national governments, or by an Internationale of workingmen. A better safeguard than either—indeed, the only real safeguard—is the liberty of the nations and a developing spirit of conciliation and co-operation among them.

WHAT A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY READS AND WHY

To those who are worrying over the best method to teach their children to read broadly and well we commend a letter which we publish below. The mother who sends us this letter has made the astonishing discovery that the desire to read is a very natural and normal instinct—an instinct which grows by what it feeds upon. But there are readers—and readers.

Dear Sirs:

May you not be interested in this bit of personal experience? In The Outlook of January 5, 1921, you wonder if children would read the "De Coverley Papers" in the "King's Treasuries of Literature." My small brother has already read several times a pretty volume of "Days with Sir Roger De Coverley" which he picked up one day from the family bookshelves. To him Will Wimble and Sir Roger are old friends. Yet he is only a lad of thirteen, no bookworm, just an average mischievous youngster who reads Laurence Driggs in The Outlook for knowledge of aircraft, and "everything Harold Pulsifer writes because I don't agree with him on the fishing question." I quote the lad's own words.

As a teacher I have found even the "commonest" children ready to read nearly everything within reach, especially if not "must-be-reads." As a daughter and mother, I find the best way to introduce a child to good reading is merely to leave it around. Possibly a little conversation may lead them more quickly to the sort of curiosity that devours. I frequently find it so.

But I pray for the time when a fine print, badly printed, poorly illustrated volume shall never come within a child's grasp. R. I.

We have not the least intention in the world of disclosing this boy's name. If we did, he would be pestered to death by editors urging him to place his name upon their subscription lists. Obviously, at the age of thirteen he has a strong claim to be held as that ideal subscriber for whom editors have long been looking. He reads broadly. He reads, at times, for information. And, most important of all, he is willing to read the work of writers with whom he disagrees. The heaven of which editors dream is filled with just such readers. But their mails are filled with letters which begin: "Please stop my subscription; I totally disagree with you in your outrageous and unsocial belief that Camembert is superior to Roquefort cheese."

THE SHIPS OF THE NATION

THE fact that Albert D. Lasker was reluctant at first to accept the important position of Chairman of the United States Shipping Board does not detract from his qualifications and the zeal with which he will undertake the big job. Mr. Lasker is a hard worker, a pusher and organizer. As head of the advertising firm of Lord & Thomas, of Chicago, he has had opportunity to become acquainted with methods of conducting many kinds of business. A number of business concerns that have grown to great proportions credit their success to Mr. Lasker's counsel and advice. Whether he can make the unwieldy Shipping Board, now in a terribly chaotic condition, take on new life and pull itself out of the depths to which it has fallen remains to be seen. Certainly if energy and enthusiasm count, Mr. Lasker will do much. His is a pleasing personality. He is quick to grasp situations and outline policies. He is not unused to doing big things, even to sending to "junk" outworn policies and outworn materials and making new starts. That may be a good part of his work as Chairman of the Shipping Board. Immediately following his appointment, Mr. Lasker announced that John Callan O'Laughlin would be his assistant. Mr. O'Laughlin's long experience as a Washington correspondent, then, for a short time, as Assistant Secretary of State, and latterly as an official of a large exporting company, qualifies him for the close relation he will bear to the Chairman and to the Board. There could be no better contact man. He is well known and well liked.

Among the appointees to the Shipping Board the weightiest name is that of ex-Senator George Earle Chamberlain, of Oregon. This, or a similar appointment, was expected as soon as the country heard with regret of his defeat for re-election to the Senate. The particular announcement was withheld only until the entire Shipping Board should be named. The Senate paid Mr. Chamberlain the deserved compliment of confirming his appointment as soon as it was presented, and in open session at that. Senator Jones, of the State of Washington, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, interrupted the debate on the Army Bill and asked consent for the immediate confirmation of Mr. Chamberlain. "For twelve years," said Senator Jones, "Senator Chamberlain was a distinguished member of this body. He was one of the ablest of Senators, and his appointment to the Shipping Board by President Harding is a splendid one. I move that the Senate in open executive session confirm the

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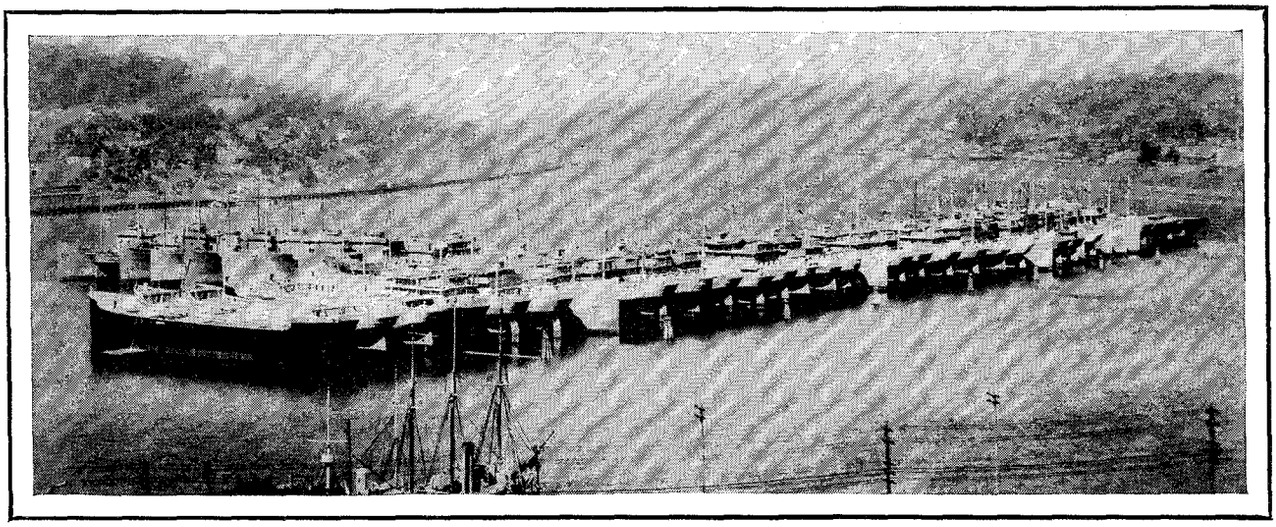

(C) Keystone

WOODEN SHIPS IN UNION LAKE, SEATTLE—BUILT BY THE GOVERNMENT AND WAITING FOR A PURCHASER

appointment." The vote for confirmation was unanimous. Mr. Chamberlain is one of the best-informed persons in the country and his appointment pleases men of all parties. It pleases "business" as well. As representing a Pacific Coast State, Mr. Chamberlain goes to the Board with particular and necessary information and convictions concerning a proper and adequate merchant marine.

The other appointee from the Pacific coast is Meyer Lissner. Mr. Lissner is a native of California. He has lived mostly in Los Angeles and has long practiced law there. He has always taken a lively interest in better civic and political conditions. A strong supporter of President Roosevelt, Mr. Lissner organized in 1907 a Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. If Mr. Lissner carries to the Shipping Board, as he doubtless will, the same zeal and intelligence with which he has led civic and political affairs in southern California, he should be able to accomplish much in co-operation with the members of the Board.

As two representatives of the Shipping Board must come from the Pacific coast, so two must come from the Atlantic coast, and these are Edward C. Plummer, of Maine, and Admiral William Shepherd Benson, of Georgia. One member must come from the Gulf coast, and he is Frederick Ingate Thompson, of Alabama. One member must come from the region of the Great Lakes, and he is T. V. O'Connor, of New York. One member must come from the interior, and he is Mr. Lasker.

The Republican members of the Board are Mr. Lasker, Mr. Lissner, Mr. Plummer, and Mr. O'Connor; the Democrats are Mr. Chamberlain, Admiral Benson, and Mr. Thompson.

The new Board will have the advantage of two men from the Atlantic coast well acquainted with shipping affairs, Mr. Plummer and Admiral Benson. In especial, Admiral Benson brings to the Board the experience of his work as Chief of Naval Operations during the war, as a member of the Commission appointed by President Wilson to confer with the Allied Powers, as our naval representative in drawing up naval terms of armistice with Germany and the Central Powers, as Adviser to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, and, finally, as recent Chairman of the Shipping Board. He will be able to point out to the new members of the Board certain mistakes of the old Board, to be avoided by the new one.

Mr. Thompson is an influential newspaper man of the South. He is the chief owner and publisher of the well-known Mobile "Register" and the Mobile "News Item." He is also interested in publication enterprises elsewhere.

(C) Moffett

A. D. LASKER, NEW HEAD OF THE SHIPPING BOARD

Mr. O'Connor should be a particularly valuable member of the Board by reason of his long and fruitful service as a labor leader.

All in all, the personnel of the new Board has made a distinctly favorable impression on the public. The nominations have now been confirmed by the Senate.

The members of the Board, we are informed, are a unit as regards the endeavor to stop losses and to operate a merchant marine on business principles. They should be.

For the problem of our merchant marine affects every agricultural and industrial worker just as much as it does every sailor. Farmers and factory people cannot enjoy steady employment unless their products have a steady sale. Our home market cannot absorb all their production; the rest goes abroad.

Hitherto we have sent our goods abroad and have brought back the products of foreign countries required for home consumption mostly by foreign ships. This is because we cannot afford to build, man, or provision vessels as cheaply as can England, Norway, Sweden, France, Italy, Spain, Japan. True, we are now carrying a larger proportion of products in our own vessels than we have done. This is gratifying, not only because it discloses a lessening of the difference in ship-building between America and other countries, but also because it proportionately relieves us from employing the carriers of our competitors in trade. For foreign trade, let us remark, does not fall automatically upon us like manna from heaven; we have to struggle against competitors for it.

Foreign trade is therefore the life of overseas shipping. The two are interdependent.

Our overseas shipping is partly privately owned and partly Government

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owned. The latter is under the control of the United States Shipping Board.

The Shipping Board was organized (1916) to stimulate shipping. It has. In five years it has spent some $3,700,000,000 of the people's money—part of the proceeds of Liberty Bonds. What have we got in return? About fourteen hundred steel ships, many of doubtful value, a few concrete vessels of little value, and nearly three hundred wooden ships of practically no value. The wooden steamers were built as an emergency need and had to be built in the quickest way possible. They are now useful only if their too heavy machinery is taken out and they are converted into sailing vessels. It costs us hundreds of thousands of dollars a year merely to guard them. Why should we not save some of the money? Strange as it may seem, the Shipping Board is still building ships, of course on contract long since given out. The ships are eighty to ninety per cent finished. At this very time additional millions to pay for them are being appropriated in the Deficiency Bill now before Congress.

With staggering running expenses for the ships in operation, with a crushing load of expense for those which are not, with high wages for the men employed and very high salaries for the officers employed, and with freight rates in a mess, how can our Shipping Board be other than a failure in competing for foreign business? Certainly our people now understand that they cannot create a paying merchant marine by fiat. True, they have created a fleet many times larger than any that the great International Mercantile Marine Corporation ever had. But their Shipping Board's present operations mean a loss to them of half a million to a million dollars a day.

During the war blunders as to types of vessels and overproduction might have been expected, we suppose. But the Board's inefficiency since the war is, we are convinced, simply inexcusable. Instead of following the plain duty of a wholesale cancellation of shipbuilding contracts, with compensation to the builders, the Board has aimlessly continued constructing ships in large quantities. Again, instead of selling off its vessels at market quotations, it has persisted in demanding a far higher price per ton than was being accepted at the time by the British Shipping Comptroller for similar British war-built vessels. But the Board's chief incompetence, in our opinion, has been shown in its apparent failure to grasp the problem of our shipping as a profitable part of the world's commercial and financial system. Yet who could expect a Government official to appreciate, as would a private operator, the difference between operating ships at a profit and at no profit? The underlying factor is of course, No trade, no shipping.

We wish success to the new Shipping Board. But to achieve success it must, in the interest of painfully overtaxed Americans, lighten the present depreciation cost and charge on capital. Could it not do so, in considerable degree, by acting as follows:

(1) Auction the "junk"—the useless ships—and sell the others at any price that will place their buyers on a level with foreign owners in respect to capital charges. As the Shipping Board's new Chairman says, actual values are now not over one-third, and probably not over one-fourth, of the cost.

(2) Charge off to the winning of the war a sufficient amount of the war costs of Government-owned ships to make it possible for the Shipping Board to compete with foreign shipping on a basis of actual value of the properties.

(3) Reduce the number of the Board's highly paid officials.

(4) Finally, if none of these or other changes make the Shipping Board a going concern, let it become a part of the Department of Commerce, where it ought originally to have been placed. Fortunately, the present Secretary of Commerce enjoys an unequaled reputation as a world administrator.

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY—EVANGELIST

WHY do we go to church? What do we expect? What have we a right to expect? What must the churches give to us if the congregations are not to go away disappointed? These questions Mr. Moody's character and career help at once to emphasize and to answer.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born on February 5, 1837. His father's death when he was four years old left his widowed mother with nine children, a mortgaged New England farm, and no money. They were so poor that the creditors, with incredible heartlessness, took from the widow everything she possessed, including the kindling wood from the wood-pile. All the schooling the boy ever had was given to him by the average village school, and that average never was and is not now very high. He never became a good speller nor a great reader. At seventeen years of age he went to Boston, got a business position through an uncle on condition that he would go to church and Sunday school, accepted the condition and loyally fulfilled it, was converted and wished to join the church but was kept out for a year because one of the deacons did not think he knew enough of the essential doctrines, and two years later went to Chicago, which furnished a more congenial atmosphere for his energetic spirit. Here he applied to a mission for a Sunday-school class, was told he could have one if he could get the scholars together, and appeared next Sunday with a complete outfit of ragamuffins, "an embryonic Falstaffian army."

His interest in his Sunday work rapidly increased; his interest in his week-day work as rapidly diminished. He was born to be a missionary, as Beethoven was to be a musician or Millet to be a painter. It is a very common experience for business to encroach upon religion; in young Moody's case, religion encroached upon business. He was a creature of enthusiasm; and for making money he had no enthusiasm, for teaching ragamuffins a boundless enthusiasm. When he had saved a thousand dollars, he cut loose from the store and gave himself unreservedly to the mission. His thousand dollars was soon exhausted; but he was not disturbed. When asked what he was doing and how he was supported, his ready reply was, "I am working for God, and he is rich."

He possessed a miraculous energy and an adventurous spirit.

The need of hymn-books that could be scattered through the audiences was felt. If they were needed, they must be had. He went to a London publisher. The publisher refused; he had made the experiment, published a book of revival hymns, and the books had been left unsold on his hands. He went to another publisher, who would publish only in case Mr. Moody would assume all the financial risks. Mr. Moody had no money, but he had courage, and assumed the entire financial responsibility without knowing where the money would come from if the publication proved to be a commercial failure. It proved to be a commercial success. The "Gospel Hymns" sold by the million; they made a fortune. For Mr. Moody? No! The first profits were given to benevolent enterprises; and when the fortune waxed

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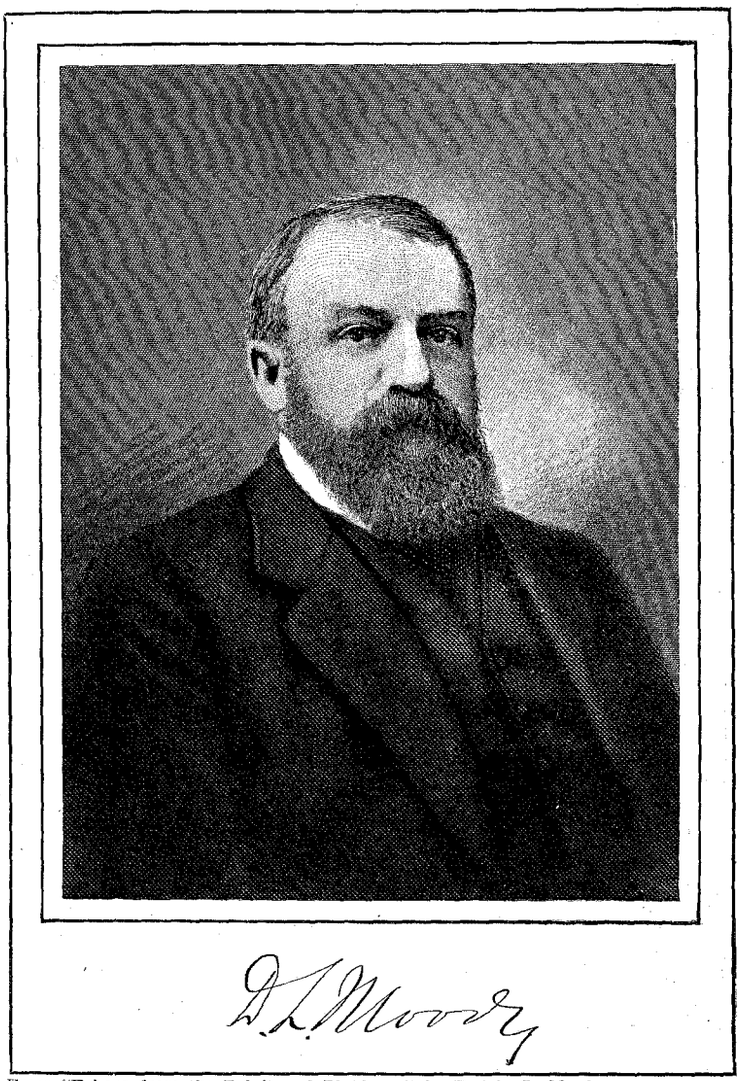
great it was by a legally executed instrument permanently devoted to endowing the Northfield Schools.

This artless faith that all money belongs to the Lord, and that it can be had for the Lord's work if one goes about in the right way to get it, was the secret of Mr. Moody's remarkable success as a money raiser. He started out one day with "the best minister in Edinburgh" to raise money for a mission in that city, the minister taking the lead and asking from ten to fifteen pounds at each call.

> "I saw," said Mr. Moody, "it was going to take all winter at that gait, and so (not daring to criticise him) when we came to the next house (that of a very grand and wealthy woman) I said, 'How much are you going to ask *her* for?'
>
> "'Oh, perhaps fifty pounds.'
>
> "I kept still, but when the door opened into the room where she was I just pushed ahead and said:
>
> "'Madam, I have come to ask you for two thousand pounds to help build a new mission down at Carrubers Close.'
>
> "She threw up both hands and exclaimed: 'Oh, mercy! Mr. Moody, I cannot possibly give more than *one* thousand.'
>
> "This reply astonished the timid minister so much that he almost fainted and when they got outside he said, 'You'd better go ahead.' And I did!"
>
> The result was that at the end of the day we had raised $100,000.

Not long afterwards Mr. Moody received a note saying, 'Well, Moody, you raised the money but you used up the best minister in Scotland, and we had to send him off for a three months' vacation.'"



From "Echoes from the Pulpit and Platform," by Dwight L. Moody

This story is matched by one in America. He called once on a wealthy man who had made the principle of systematic giving a protection against excessive generosity; he made it a rule never to give more than one hundred dollars at a time. Mr. Moody wanted a large amount—I believe, ten thousand dollars. "But," said Mr. T., "you know my rule, don't you?" "Yes," replied Mr. Moody, "but I thought it would save your time and mine to give it at once and not require a hundred calls." He got the whole amount. "Father gave all he had," said his son, Paul Moody, in narrating the incident to me, "and he asked the same from other people."

This miraculous energy, this adventurous courage, which characterized Mr. Moody, were born of his spiritual faith—faith in God, faith in himself as God's child engaged in doing his Father's work, and faith that in ordinary men there are somnolent spiritual forces which will respond to the call of conscience and aspiration if one only knows how to voice the call. The engineer builds a bridge in serene confidence that he can rely upon the attraction of gravitation, though he neither knows what it is nor why it works as it does. The physician prescribes for his patient with the hope that the disordered body, despite the disorder, will respond to the remedy. Like the serene faith of the engineer in the laws of nature, like the less serene faith of the physician in the laws of the body, was Mr. Moody's faith in the laws of the spirit, and it was one very important element in his extraordinary personality.

In 1885 he was conducting some evangelistic meetings in London. A young physician of the city, who had been confirmed in the Established Church but to whom public worship was little more than a method of paying proper public respect to the Great King, was passing one day the hall where Mr. Moody's meetings were being held. Impelled by a mild curiosity and having a leisure half-hour, he stepped inside to see what a "Moody meeting" was like. The hall was crowded. Some one on the platform was offering a volunteer prayer. It had not the ripened beauty of the Episcopal ritual and did not appeal to the young doctor. The prayer went on—and on—and on—and seemed likely never to come to an end, and, the curiosity of the doctor more than satisfied, he was about to slip out as quietly as he had entered, when a sturdy and rather plain looking man occupying a chair in the center of the platform rose and said, "While the brother is finishing his prayer we will sing hymn number ——." The young man stayed. This was not only novelty, it was reality. And then and there Dr. Wilfred Grenfell received the impulse which has made him an apostle of spiritual faith not only to the fishermen of Labrador but to unnumbered thousands in England, Canada, and the United States.

I was once a witness of a somewhat similar illustration of Mr. Moody's personal power, though one not so striking and dramatic. Mr. Moody was holding, with the co-operation of the churches, a series of meetings in Brooklyn. One day had been set apart to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Henry Ward Beecher spoke in a quiet, conversational tone and followed with a prayer in the tenderest and most spiritual mood. It recalled Christ's prayer at the Last Supper. Then there arose just behind me a shouting revivalist. He was oratorical, waxed louder and louder, grasped the back of the pew in which I was sitting and shook it in the vehemence of his real or artificial emotion. It recalled to me Elijah's scornful address to the priests of Baal: "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is in a journey,

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or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." When at length the orator stopped, out of breath with his vociferous devotion, I thought the meeting was destroyed; nothing could bring back to it its devotional atmosphere. Mr. Moody rose and said, with that strangely quiet and penetrating voice of his, "Now let us have three minutes of *silent* prayer." And the silence which he summoned erased the disturbing oration and restored the spirit of devotion.

This penetrating personality of Mr. Moody made him a great bearer of a great message. What was that message?

I lay down my pen, close my eyes, and lean back in my chair, and the scene of my childhood is before me—our Sunday evening service of song in my grandfather's home; and I hear again the treble voice of my aged aunt, singing in our closing hymn as her own experience:

> But he forgives my follies past
> And gives me strength for days to come.

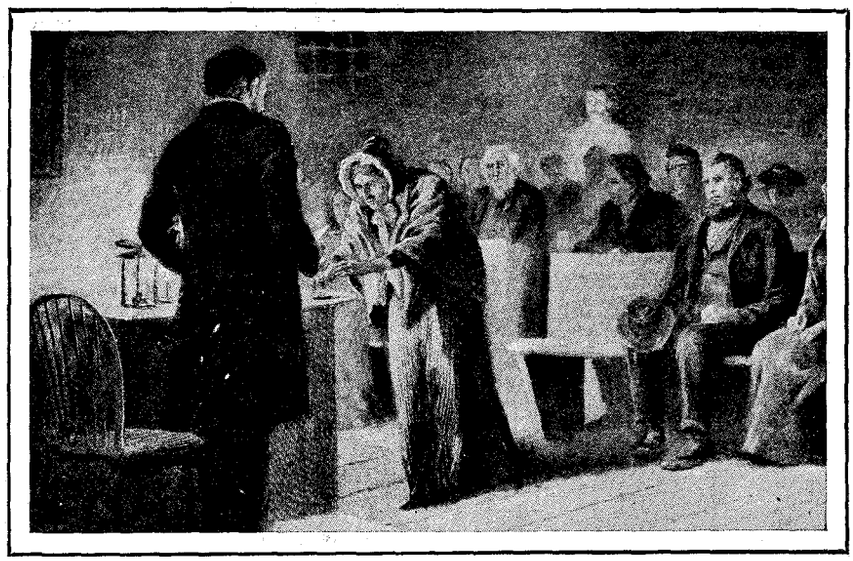
Then the scene disappears and her song is taken up by a great chorus, a host like the sands on the seashore for multitude, whom no tongue can number and no imagination can picture, and in which all lands and all generations, the living and the dead, have a part.

This was Mr. Moody's twofold message—forgiveness for the past, strength for the future.

Mr. Moody had none of the arts of the orator. He had a carrying voice and without apparent effort on his part could be heard throughout the largest halls. He was tense in spirit but quiet in method, generally conversational in tone, never shouted, rarely was dramatic, never theatrical, his gestures simple. One of his co-workers reports that once, to emphasize his picture of a man refusing to take the medicine that would cure him and then blaming the physician, "he actually took the tumbler that was on the table and dashed the water on the floor." But whenever I heard him, and I heard him frequently, he depended entirely on the spiritual power of his message and his own intense conviction of its truth. I venture to transcribe here the impression of his appearance and method on the platform as I wrote it at the time of his death:

> As he stood on the platform he looked like a business man; he dressed like a business man; he took the meeting in hand as a business man would; he spoke in a business man's fashion; he had no holy tone; he never introduced a jest for a jest's sake, but he did not fear to use humor if humor would serve his purpose; he never turned a sentence neatly to catch that applause of the eye which is substituted in religious assemblies for applause of the hands; and whether they believed with him or not, his auditors were always sure that he believed all that he said, and, indeed, said less than he believed because no language could express fully the experience of his own life.

His sermons abounded in illustrations, but they were never used for ornament; were rarely taken from either nature



MR. MOODY HOLDING A MEETING IN A COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE—A SCENE IN HIS EARLY CAREER

"If I didn't get into a church, I would get up a meeting in some schoolhouse. The first man who came to the meeting would bring, perhaps, an old dingy lantern. He would set the lantern up on the desk. Perhaps the next one who came in would be a woman, and she would bring up from under her shawl an old sperm-oil lamp. The next man would bring out of his pocket a tallow dip, and he would light his match and set that up on the desk. That is the way we would light up the room."—From "Echoes from the Pulpit and Platform," by Dwight L. Moody

or literature; with rare exceptions, they were concrete biographical accounts borrowed from his rich and varied pastoral experience, and used not to enforce a theory but always to make vivid a fact. He aroused the emotions of his audience, but not by an emotional appeal. The notion disseminated during his life by his critics that he pictured hell-fire to excite men's terror and a celestial heaven to excite their sensual delight was absolutely untrue; was the reverse of the truth. I once studied with care a published volume of his sermons to endeavor to get the secret of his power. The examination confirmed his own summary of his preaching: "I used to think," he says in one of his sermons, "of God as a stern judge on the throne, from whose wrath Jesus Christ had saved me. It seems to me now, I could not have a falser idea of God than that. Since I have become a father, I have made this discovery: That it takes more love and sacrifice for the father to give up the son than it does for the son to die."

He had an enormous correspondence, many of these letters asking counsel on ethical or spiritual or perhaps theological problems. Writing was always a great physical effort for him and he never learned to use a typewriter. Mr. Paul Moody, to whom I am indebted for some of these incidents, has given me an interesting picture of his management of this phase of his ever-growing work:

> He handled his correspondence at home, which was the only place where I saw it. It was very interesting. He entertained more or less. There were usually people stopping at the house, and he would sit at the desk opening his letters, glancing at them, and then would throw them across the room to some member of the family with the direction, "Answer that." Sometimes it was a difficult letter which demanded quite a little thought, and if you brought it to him and asked him what he wanted to say he always replied by saying: "I do not intend to buy a dog and then do the barking myself. If I were going to answer it I would, but I want you to answer it." Very seldom would he take a letter back. Once in a while an unknown person made a confession a matter of the soul, and that I refused to handle. My mother did a great deal of his correspondence. My mother was the buffer between himself and the world. She was the "shock absorber." She stood between him and things.

Mr. Moody did not have that broad intellectual outlook which scholarship sometimes, but not always, gives to the scholar. But he had that broad human outlook which almost invariably characterizes the man who possesses both a living spiritual faith and catholic human sympathies, who estimates men not by the accidents of their creed, their race, or their social culture, but by their character, and can therefore recognize real spiritual worth in men of differing theological opinions. This catholicity of spirit led him to welcome the cooperation in his evangelistic labors of men whose intellectual outlook was very different from his own, and made him indifferent to theological theories which men of less catholic temper regarded of vital importance.

A striking illustration of this breadth of spiritual sympathy is afforded by an incident narrated by Mr. Paul Moody:

> He gave a substantial donation to the Catholic church when it was in process of erection in Northfield and also an organ, and the dear old pinhead people attacked him in print and otherwise. For years afterwards he received letters saying, particularly those from England, that he had been fellowshipping anti-Christ and they

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consigned him to the outermost hell. He chuckled over these. When we rebuilt our Congregational church in Northfield, the Catholics in the town turned in and hauled all the stones free of charge as their contribution.

Mr. Moody was too catholic ever to become a member of the Catholic Church. But his fellowship with the priests of that Church ought not to surprise us. For the message of this unordained preacher in the newest of the Protestant churches and the message of the Apostolically ordained archbishop in the oldest Church in Christendom were the same: Divine forgiveness for the past and divine strength for the future.

I say nothing in this paper about Mr. Moody's establishment of the Northfield Schools, though that is in some respects the greatest piece of work he ever did. But here I am sketching Mr. Moody the Evangelist. The work of an evangelist he always regarded as the greatest of all forms of service, the work of the ministry as a cramping and confining occupation. He was not interested in teaching a system of theology; he was interested in inducing men to accept God's gift of a divine life.

Mr. Moody died in 1899. The radical changes in theological thought which had begun before his death have continued since. They will always continue. Theology, if it is a living thought, will be, must be, a progressive thought. Evolution has revolutionized our conception of the origin of sin, of the nature of the Bible, and of the authority of the Church. The study of the Bible has revolutionized our conception of the Church. For myself, I believe neither in the authority of the ecclesiastical organization with the Churchman, nor in the infallibility of the Book with Mr. Moody. The authority to pronounce absolution and remission for the sins that are past and to proffer the gift of life to fulfill the aspirations of the soul for the future, I believe to be spiritual, not ecclesiastical nor traditional, and to belong equally to every one who has received such absolution and remission and such gift of spiritual life. But I am sure that if we of the so-called liberal faith hope to retain in these more liberal days the attractive power of the Church we can do it only by holding fast to the great spiritual fact that in God there is abundant forgiveness for all the past, and an abundant life for all the future; and we must declare this, not as a theological opinion, to be defended by philosophical arguments as a rational hypothesis, but as an assured fact, historically certified by the life and death of Jesus Christ and confirmed out of the mouth of many witnesses by the experience of Christ's disciples and followers in all churches and in every age. If we fail to do this, men will desert our ministry for Romanism, Anglicanism, or the old orthodoxy, or, in despair of spiritual life in any quarter, will desert all that ministers to the higher life and live a wholly material life, alternating between restless, unsatisfied desire and stolid self-content. And the fault and the folly will be ours more even than theirs.

JOTTINGS FROM A LONDON NOTE-BOOK

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

BAYSWATER

"WHAT should they know of England who only England know?" So sang Kipling in "The English Flag." What should they, my compatriots, know of London who know only Trafalgar Square, and the Houses of Parliament, and the Abbey, and the hotel in Northumberland Avenue or Aldwych or Russell Square, and the round of the central theaters and music halls? I see them, and hear them too, alas! in the Haymarket and the Strand, and stumble upon them in the Cheshire Cheese, where they gobble "ye famous pie" and fancy they are absorbing atmosphere, and I find them in little reverent groups before the so-called "Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, which looks the part, but beyond that is arrant humbug. Then, when the allotted ten days or two weeks is at an end, they travel on, with the satisfied feeling that they have tucked away London "under their belts" and the conviction that, with the exception of higher prices and a certain inferiority in the quality of the food and service, London has been unchanged by the war. The other day I asked one of them, an old friend who has long known superficially his London, "What do you find different?" "What do you suppose they are charging me in the hotel smoking-room for a double and soda? Two and six. And it used to be ninepence. But I'm not kicking about that," he went on with a grin. "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

This is Bayswater. It is a name that means little, if anything, to most of the few hundred thousand Americans who talk glibly of their personal London. It is merely one of the number of individual cities that, grown together, make up the huge bulk that is known as London. Once, only five or six years ago, it was brilliant Bayswater, brilliant in its peculiarly British way. Underpaid "slaveys" scoured from morning till late at night, and, on rare occasions when the sun broke through the murk of the London sky, the brass railings in front of the houses glittered in the sunlight; and there were comfortable "residential hotels" overmanned by capable German waiters, and life ran on as it should in a well-ordered and prosperous limited monarchy where everywhere at hand were what Kipling has called the "slaves of the check book;" and in the shopping streets, sharply distinguished from the residential streets, there were obsequious shopkeepers and more obsequious clerks. Social reformers of the East End, pointing the finger of scorn and reproach, arched it over Park Lane in order that the message might fall into the heart of Bayswater, which was held to be the citadel of British unctuous well-being and respectability. But that was the Bayswater of yesterday. To know it to-day is to realize the lost England which we may never see again and the new England which has come to take its place. It is dreary Bayswater, drab Bayswater, drab as its railings that were once glittering gilt. The pliancy has departed from the shopkeeper's spine. The "slavey" is no more, but she who was once the "slavey" flaunts a bonnet that is a marvel to behold. The overlord and overlady of yesterday, they are the new poor, living in lodgings, haggling over the cost of bloaters, clinging to the semblance of gentility, but drifting, drifting. Another generation and they are likely to be numbered among the great submerged of whom Gissing wrote in "The Year of Jubilee." Bayswater is on the road to Lambeth.

CINEMAS

A CINEMA is supposed to be British for what we call a moving-picture show, but it is not quite that. There are subtleties of difference more important than the fact that in the cinema any one and every one is at liberty to smoke, that the women never think of removing their hats and invariably select the most formidable ones for the occasion, and that the best seats, from an American point of view, are sold at the lowest prices. There is the matter of applause. Although the theory that the British are a phlegmatic people is generally an exploded one, in the cinema audience the old legend continues to persist. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Admiral Jellicoe—a hundred times I have seen these faces thrown on the screen without provoking a ripple of response. There was one exception. The countenance of Joe Beckett, the British heavyweight champion, was greeted by a round of handclapping. Perhaps it was for the reason that he had not been knocked out for a month or two. It was at the port town, the night after landing, that I saw my first cinema of the new England. There for a moment I thought I had found a land that was to be, for a generation, implacable in its righteous resentment. Over the entrance was a sign in electric lighting reading: "No person of Ger-

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man birth, naturalized, unnaturalized, or denaturalized, will be permitted to enter the door of this theater." It brought something of a thrill. Who says that England is forgetting? Five minutes later I was rubbing my eyes as the film flickered. If that train being shown on the screen was not a German train, I have never seen a German train. The sign in the railway waiting-room read very much like "*Rauchen Verboten*," and not at all like "No Smoking" or "*Défense de Fumer*." That edifice, to an American eye, was not a castle or a château, but a *Schloss*. Those policemen engaged in supposedly hilarious pursuit of escaping malefactors were certainly wearing the uniforms of the Berlin police force. I waited for the tumult. But nothing happened—yet. The "Made in Germany" reel came to an end. Another reel followed. This time the preliminary announcement indicated that it was of United States origin. There was a perceptible stir all over the hall. Husky British whispers could be heard in the darkness. "Another of those nawsty American films!"

AMAZEMENT NO LONGER SITS UPON ME

It amazed me then. It does not amaze me now. I have come to understand. "Another of those nawsty American films!" A hundred times I have heard it in a darkness dotted by the red gleams of cigarette ends. Sometimes the adjective was not "nawsty," but "horrid," pronounced as if it had a "w" somewhere in its middle. But the sentiment behind the utterance was never in doubt; and after having seen a good many of the films that my countrymen foist upon English producers it is a sentiment that I cordially indorse. We send them the worst, and they swallow it. But let one point be clearly understood: not for a moment do I mean to imply that a German article is acceptable in England, while an American article is not. It was simply that the German film had not been actually labeled "Made in Germany." Therefore the Briton, who going to the cinema checks his intelligence in the cloak-room, naturally supposed that it was British. There was never any utterance in the darkness about "nawsty American film" unless the screen specifically told, in so many printed words, that it *was* an American film. I have seen audiences blithely accepting obvious Chicago "cops" as London "bobbies," and Riverside Drive, with the Palisades across the Hudson River, as a stretch of the Thames. A number of the West End cinema houses announce on the posters before the doors that the attraction within is a British production, with British actors. In the silent drama, with London mentality as it is, it is a superfluous precaution.

The American in Bayswater is not inclined to be acutely conscious of the warmth of the so-called "hands across the sea." Constitutionally I am afflicted with neither Anglomania nor Anglophobia, but here the rubs of every-day life tend to make one anti-British in the little unimportant things. There are so many of these rubs. In the first place, there is the insurmountable barrier of language. When I remark that it will be a relief to run over to Paris, where I shall be able to understand the spoken tongue and to make myself understood, there is no intention of extolling the quality of my French. Simply I have come to the point of accepting in its entirety the Kipling line about "a brother hedged with alien speech and lacking all interpreter," with the qualification that I slur over the word "brother." I am like Louis Philippe, who said he was so sick of the word "fraternity" that if he had a brother he would call him cousin. Some day a bus conductor and I may come to an understanding as to the exact amount of fare to be paid. At present it is simpler and saves strain and temper to proffer a shilling and pocket the change. Even then there is the problem of informing him of the point to which I wish to go. "Carn't you h'understand h'English?" was bawled at me two days ago, and I had no retort. "Waal, I guess, you bet;" with an attempt at nasal intonation which he assumed to be pure Yankee, was the crushing rejoinder of another omnibus commandant of the new London in response to an innocent question couched in what I considered to be the most meticulous English.

The linguistic barrier is only one of the many petty exasperations of every-day life that distort the vision and the judgment of the American making a more or less permanent stay in London. Especially if it be in Bayswater. It is not a matter of the individual. A certain intolerance is inevitable. There is a question in his mind as to what is the best restaurant in the world. He knows which is the worst. It is here in Bayswater; right around the corner. The spectacle of women scrambling for places on the busses should make him feel at home, but it does not. His sense of personal dignity has been ruffled by the details of that long and imperative journey to the Bow Street Police Station to register himself as an alien (there is an inexplicable stigma about the term), a journey unnecessary if the duration of projected stay be a month and twenty-nine days, but with the additional day assuming a ponderous importance. Stupidities that he has come to regard as essentially British have rasped and irritated. He has gone into a strange bank to ask change for a five-pound Bank of England note, and met with a reception that suggests that a repetition of the crime would probably lead to his being shot at dawn in the Tower. In the bank which is not exactly a strange bank, the bank where he happens to be keeping his temporary account, he has experienced complications that have moved him unwisely to relieve his mind by volunteering the opinion that his home bank across the Atlantic could settle the British national debt in less time and with less red tape than an English bank consumes in selling the equivalent of a five-dollar War Saving Stamp. "Quite so, sir. How will you have it?" The fact that the indictment has aroused no apparent resentment is additional exasperation.

AN ECHO THAT WILL NOT DOWN

He has caught an echo of that "too proud to fight," which, curiously enough, persists to this day. He is weary of protesting to Englishmen, casual or chronic, that the majority of Americans traveling in Europe do not wear "We won the war" buttons, and asseverating his conviction that such a button never existed. "Oh," says the Englishman, "but I know a man who says he has seen them." "Yes, and you knew a man who had seen the Russians in England. London was full of that man in 1914." In a word, he is in no mood for sickly sentiment about hands across the sea and the common heritage of language and immortal Shakespeare.

But wait; a kindlier spirit will come, a greater charity. I shall be at home again. At the pier there will be the necessity of telephoning. From over cocked-up feet will come the query: "Well, what number do *you* want?" I shall seem to be at home. With a riot of profane expletive, rival taxi drivers will fight over me and my baggage. It will be more evident that I am at home. When I have been jolted villainously for a mile or so over New York streets, and paid the fare insisted upon even after my explanation that I do not want to buy the taxi, there will be in my mind no further doubt about being at home. I will have begun to revise judgments. Perhaps, with a certain sheepishness, I shall think of that Englishman of yesterday. Patronizingly, and with an air of innocent politeness, I pointed to a tangle in the London traffic and invented a well-ordered and purely imaginary New York for the purpose of infuriating comparison. "Of course, to be quite fair," I conceded, "we have not your problems. It must be taken into consideration that *we* are essentially a civilized and law-abiding people." Fuming and spluttering as only a Briton can at the inference, there was a moment when his voice dropped its Oxford inflection. Sheepishness will probably be in the memory; but no penitence. From Mrs. Trollope, down through Captain Marryat and Dickens to Kipling and thereafter, there are too many scores to be settled. When the Englishman changes radically, it will be time to declare a moratorium. The war has not changed him. Only it has made him, like the fronts of the Bayswater houses, just a little shabbier—there is no disparagement intended in the adjective—than of yore.

CHANDLER

Sometimes in thinking of England typified, it is not as Britannia, a lady with helmet and a trident, but as Chandler. Chandler is an old friend of many visits. If ever I come to London and do not find Chandler, it will be as if the Nelson Column were missing, or

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the Mansion House, or London Bridge. This time my first greeting was: "Well, Chandler, you had my friend Mr. D. stopping with you recently." "Yes, sir," said Chandler, continuing to polish the table top; "you mean the H'american gentleman who was always calling for a double Scotch and soda." There is an engaging candor about Chandler. I assured him of the accuracy of his surmise. Chandler is the smoking-room waiter of an old hotel facing Trafalgar Square, a hotel that has been much patronized in the past by Americans who selected it for its British atmosphere, and afterwards, when it happened to be winter, cursed it for its lack of steam heat, piling on handbags for additional bedclothing, as the "atmosphere" seeped, fog-like, through the wall. Oh, yes, it is the hotel that has not changed since William the Conqueror requisitioned its best bedroom after the Battle of Hastings and Charles II hid in its chimney. I had last seen it in late 1916. This year, upon arriving in London, I approached the entrance with a sinking of the heart. What strange faces had come to replace the old familiar ones? What renovations and alterations had been wrought? There were no renovations or alterations. There were no strange faces. A new wrinkle or two in the doorman's weather-beaten countenance. A streak of white in the head porter's hair. Then Chandler. His drooping mustache drooped a little more; the stoop of his shoulders was a little more accentuated; the blue coat with the brass buttons a little shabbier and shinier. But it was the same coat. "Why, Chandler, nothing has changed! You are all the same here except the German head waiter." Chandler grinned grimly and understandingly. "No more Germans in England, sir. But surprising, sir, what a large number of Swiss!" Yes, Chandler is England.

THE WIGWAM

In Bayswater I am inclined to be anti-British. I am not so in the Wigwam. I call it by the name that Barrie gave it when he described it at length in "My Lady Nicotine"—or was it "When a Man's Single"? It is a club—not so old as London clubs go, but still of ripe maturity—which looks down over the Thames across Adelphi Terrace and the Victoria Embankment. The men who make up its membership are men who act, and paint, and write books, and draw pictures for "Punch." There, having undergone a certain period of probation, and been found "a *good* American," which sounds like being pronounced "a *good* Indian," I enjoy, as nowhere else, a latitude of speech. There, as elsewhere, the international battle is not of my seeking, but is brought to me; but there I feel that I can take up the cudgels of defense without being deemed guilty of atrocious bad taste. In professing my genuine liking I assume an air of gracious condescension. A Wigwamite, I explain, is the fine flower of the British race. In early life he was coaxed down from the branches of his tree, inducted into clothes, weaned from the diet of nuts and wild roots for which he originally burrowed, and, by subsequent association with Americans, given the veneer of the higher civilization. The Wigwam does not know it, but there is a vein of seriousness beneath the flippancy. No Englishman is ever quite civilized until he has brushed up against many Americans. The average Wigwamite has been to America once or several times. He has sampled its hospitality, and feels that he has incurred a debt that he must do something to repay. In some cases he has acquired an American wife. She may have reformed him, but she will never succeed in making him less British. For example, there is "Patt." When I enter what is known as "the northeast room," where in such hours of the day as D. O. R. A. smiles—namely, from noon to two-thirty and from six till ten—refreshments of a certain kind will be served, "Patt" will be there, benign and flamingly red-faced. He will greet me as he always does. Across the room will ring his "I give you the glad hand" in an accent that he fondly conceives to be the last cry of Americanism. After hearing in the Wigwam American "Yankee" and "Negro" stories, I have forsworn forever any attempt myself to tell Cockney or Yorkshire stories. To utter that "I give you the glad hand" brings to "Patt's" genial soul delight ineffable. Occasionally he invents a transgression on my part, not from any spirit of hostility, but in order to vary his expression to "I give you the frozen mitt," which moves him to positive ecstasy as being the loftiest peak among the mountains of linguistic reality and verisimilitude.

The other night, however, the usual greeting was not forthcoming. With a grave countenance and an air of mystery "Patt" led me to a secluded corner. After glancing furtively around he produced a card. It was a card of American origin. On it was printed the legend: "A two-cent smile is better than a dollar frown." "Explain it to me. What does it mean?" whispered "Patt" hoarsely. Carefully, and weighing my words, as one should to a Briton, I translated: "An expression of countenance indicating inward beatitude and contentment of spirit to the value of one penny, *normal rate of exchange*, is more conducive to tranquillity of soul than an expression indicating hostility to mankind even though the latter be of the monetary value of four shillings, also of course at the normal rate of exchange." "Tell me that again," he said, his forehead corrugated. Again I complied, and again, till finally the great light of comprehension came. Later, in the "northeast room," his eye caught mine, and his face became even a deeper crimson than usual. He was in the act of passing the card from hand to hand and withering with his contempt those who found in it any element of possible mystification. "Cheerio, 'Patt'!" which, translated into United States, means what "Here's looking at you" or "Happy days!" meant in the years of yore.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES

Twisting the lion's tail is a practice which I heartily deplore. It is bad enough when employed at home by politicians unscrupulous in their methods of obtaining votes. Here, whatever my private opinion of the Irish question or the controversy between coal miners and Government may be, it is my business to sit silent and leave the talk entirely to Britons. But what might be called the game of "getting the Briton's goat" is a fair game if only one knows how to play it adroitly and with unctuous politeness. When I am at home again, I may sum up my impressions by saying that, socially, graciousness is not a British defect; and that, politically, England once in a while does the right thing in the right way, occasionally does the wrong thing in the wrong way, but nine times out of ten can be counted on to do the right thing in the wrong way. Of course you can't tell a Briton that. But he should be chastened for the good of his soul, and there are perfectly legitimate methods by which he may be stirred to uneasy consciousness. The trouble is that very few Americans succeed, because most of us fail to realize that the bludgeon is an ineffective weapon. Also, like the American troops in the Argonne, they make the mistake of the frontal attack. Let me illustrate the difference between bludgeon and rapier by two stories, one of which is a veritable "dud," while the other I have found from judicious experiment to be strikingly effective in "getting the Briton's goat."

In the first story an American being conducted about England by an Englishman is tactfully shown certain cannon captured by the British at the Battle of Bunker Hill. "Well," says the American, "you've got the cannon, but we've got the hill." That is the bludgeon. It simply serves to irritate the Englishman, who is moved to partially swallowed utterance about American bounce and brag. But consider the second story, from a similar historical setting. An American and a German are going together through a German university. On a wall they find hanging a picture of Washington. "Why," snorts the German, "should they have a picture of Washington in a German university?" "Probably," is the reply, "because Washington was the first American to pursue successfully German subjects." That story, told to an Englishman or a group of Englishmen, is the rapier. There is nothing in it to which an Englishman could take the slightest exception. The point is obviously directed against the snorting German. But into the British mind there creeps slowly a chain of thought which shows in his reddening face. Recalling a certain episode at Trenton suggests another episode at Princeton likewise damaging to British prestige and interests. The Briton fidgets and essays a pale smile. Then of course you comment thoughtfully, "Rum lot, those Huns!"

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THE HARKNESS QUADRANGLE

AT its best, no association in life is finer or more lasting than that which a man gets from his four years in college. But it must be real association, such as brings men together in broadly intimate, unrestricted bonds of living and working. A chapter might be written on the influence of the common dormitory in fostering the democratic life of a university. For two centuries this influence has been recognized and promoted by the authorities of Yale. The Old Brick Row was the nucleus for this common life for the undergraduate body of the last century, but with the great increase in college attendance in our time came the need for ampler accommodations at Yale. With all that could be done, in 1916 there were dormitory rooms for only a thousand students, with rooms for more than fifteen hundred needed. A gift came that is memorable in Yale's history and in the architectural history of American colleges. This was—is—Harkness Memorial Quadrangle, given to Yale College by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, of New York, in memory of her son, Charles W. Harkness, of the Class of 1883. When finished, it will house 650 men, who will imbibe the spirit of Yale in surroundings which are perhaps the noblest architecturally of any similar group of buildings in America.

As illustrating the influence of such surroundings on the character of the young men who are to spend several of the most impressionable years of their life at Yale, President Hadley's words uttered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial in 1917 were altogether fitting. They are equally appropriate now. Dr. Hadley said:

* * *

"A UNIVERSITY is something more than a school or group of schools. It is a complex of traditions and influences; of sentiments inherited from the past and aspirations reaching out into the future. The lessons learned in its class-rooms or laboratories constitute but a small part of the education which it offers. The students are taught and inspired by the example of those who have gone before them and by the interests and ambitions of those that are about them. They breathe the spirit of the place. They become imbued with ideals in some respects different from those of the outer world, and by their devotion to these ideals they strengthen their influence on the life of the next generation.

"It is hard to describe in plain words just what is the nature of this influence which constitutes so important an element in every good university. It cannot be understood by the man who thinks that education can be tested by examinations and human worth by statistics of efficiency. To the worshiper of the tangible, a place like Yale must remain forever a puzzle, as poetry remains to the hopelessly prosaic. But to those of us who know American college life and believe in poetry, these intangible elements in education constitute its most important part. The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life.

"Of the various means to develop and perpetuate this spiritual side of education, beautiful buildings are one of the most important. Cardinal Newman placed them in the forefront among educational agencies, as more essential to the main purposes of a college than anything else. There are many reasons for thinking that he was right. A monumental building, if it be really beautiful and glorious, gives a visible and permanent object round which life and loyalty can grow and to which tradition and sentiment can attach. The man who looks out day after day into the college quadrangles of Oxford or Cambridge finds a stimulus both to his love of beauty and to his love of learning.

"Such influence is more needed to-day than ever before. The waste of war is destroying churches and castles and glorious monuments of antiquity. Unless the world builds new centers of beauty and affection to take the place of the old, the twentieth century will, in spite of material progress, be essentially poorer than the nineteenth.

"And war has done more than lay buildings waste. It has, for the moment at any rate, distorted our standards. It has compelled us to look too much for immediate efficiency rather than permanent utility; to seek tangible effects and disregard intangible ones; to work for the achievements of the moment rather than for those of the ages. Doubly important, then, is it to renew our supply of tradition and inspiration by buildings like this; to bring home to the students who shall live within these walls the lessons of affection and loyalty and love of the beautiful which should go into the life of an ancient college.

"Not that we would crowd out the practical. The world needs men who can do things. It needs men who can do them in the spirit of the gentleman and of the idealist, rather than of the materialist or the philistine. Between these two opposing views of life the university must make its choice. The place that prides itself on being exclusively practical tends to develop as time goes on an atmosphere of blind rage against that which its inhabitants cannot see; to work for the gains of the present and shut its eyes to the lessons of the ages. Thank God, our American colleges in general, and Yale in particular, have chosen the better part.

"This is a memorial to a man who lived at Yale and loved it; who here and afterward cared for other than material gains, was loyal to his friends and helped to lift them higher. In its whole design we see embodied the things which he cared for. And we see more than this. We see embodied the things which the world needs in its life and death struggle to-day. In the providence of God it will make Yale not only a happier place in which to live for the moment, but a stronger and more inspiring and more compelling place in which to prepare coming generations for the work that awaits them, whether of sacrifice or of triumphant leadership."

* * *

THE visitor to New Haven will easily find the Harkness Memorial Quadrangle, for already it is a source of pride to the people of that city. The great tower is an outstanding landmark that is readily recognized, though it is not obtrusively evident amid the steeples and towers of churches and university buildings. The Memorial occupies an entire city square. It is built of gray and buff stone that will no doubt soon tone down to harmony with the older college buildings adjacent. While it is near to crowded commercial streets, it gives the visitor a delightful impression of aloofness and quiet. The Memorial is dominated by two towers at opposite sides—Wrexham, square, solid, and massive in its effect; and Harkness, slender, tapering, lofty, and decorated with statues.

Mr. James Gamble Rogers, the architect, who characterizes the buildings as "collegiate Gothic" in their style, has made of them a memorial of himself and his art as well as of their donor and the man whose name they commemorate.

H. H. M.

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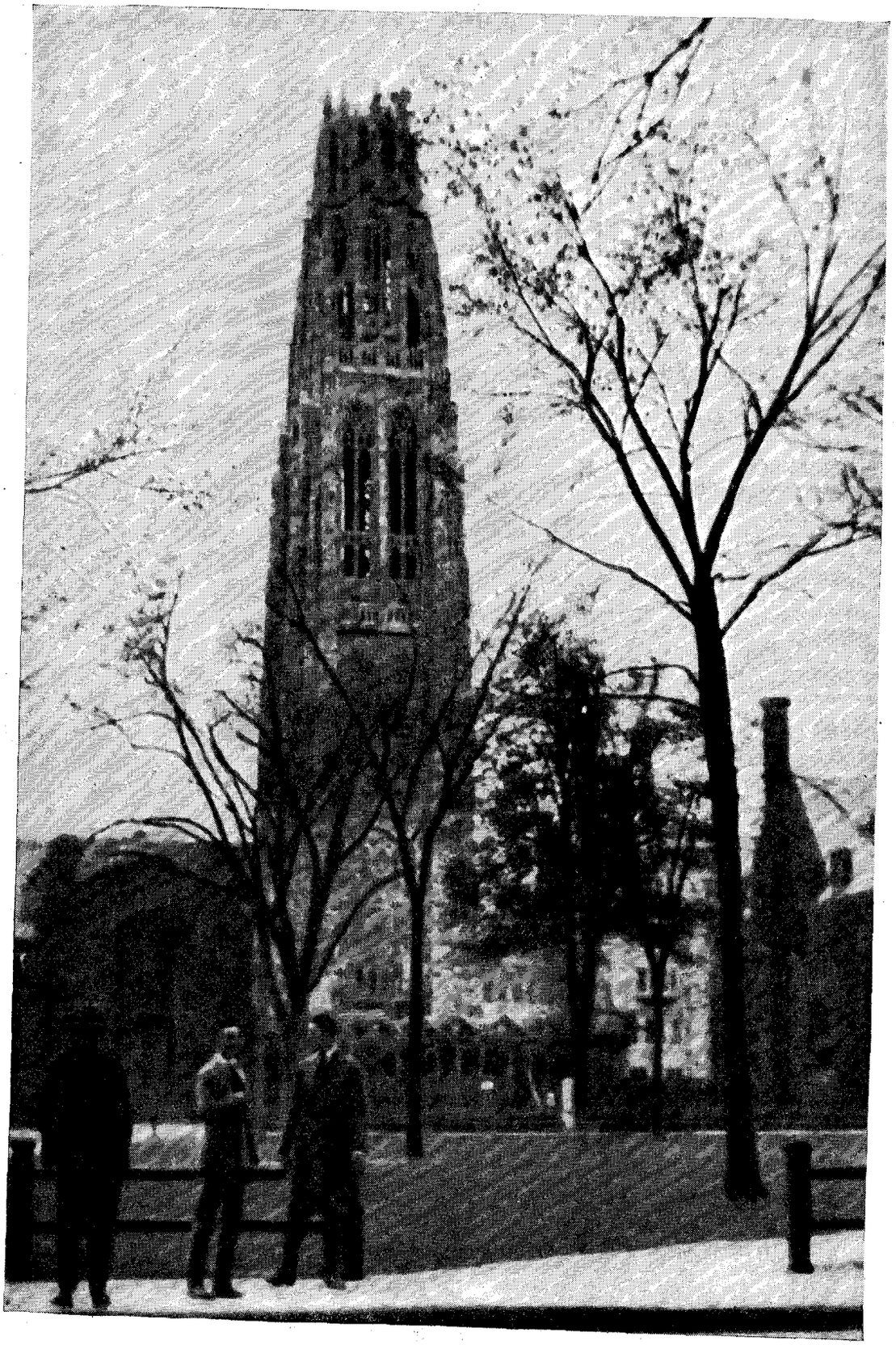
A NOBLE MEMORIAL AT YALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY HOYT MOORE



THE HARKNESS TOWER—FROM PHELPS HALL ACROSS THE CAMPUS

The Memorial Quadrangle, given to Yale College by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, of New York, in memory of her son, Charles W. Harkness, is the work, as an architectural entity, of James Gamble Rogers, himself a Yale man. He was born in Kentucky, had his early schooling in the public schools in Chicago, and studied architecture in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. He is the architectural creator of the Court House of Memphis, Tennessee, and of the Brooks Memorial in the same city, of the New Orleans Post Office and that of New Haven, of the Yale Club building of New York City, and was the winner of the competition for the Sophie Newcomb College at Tulane University

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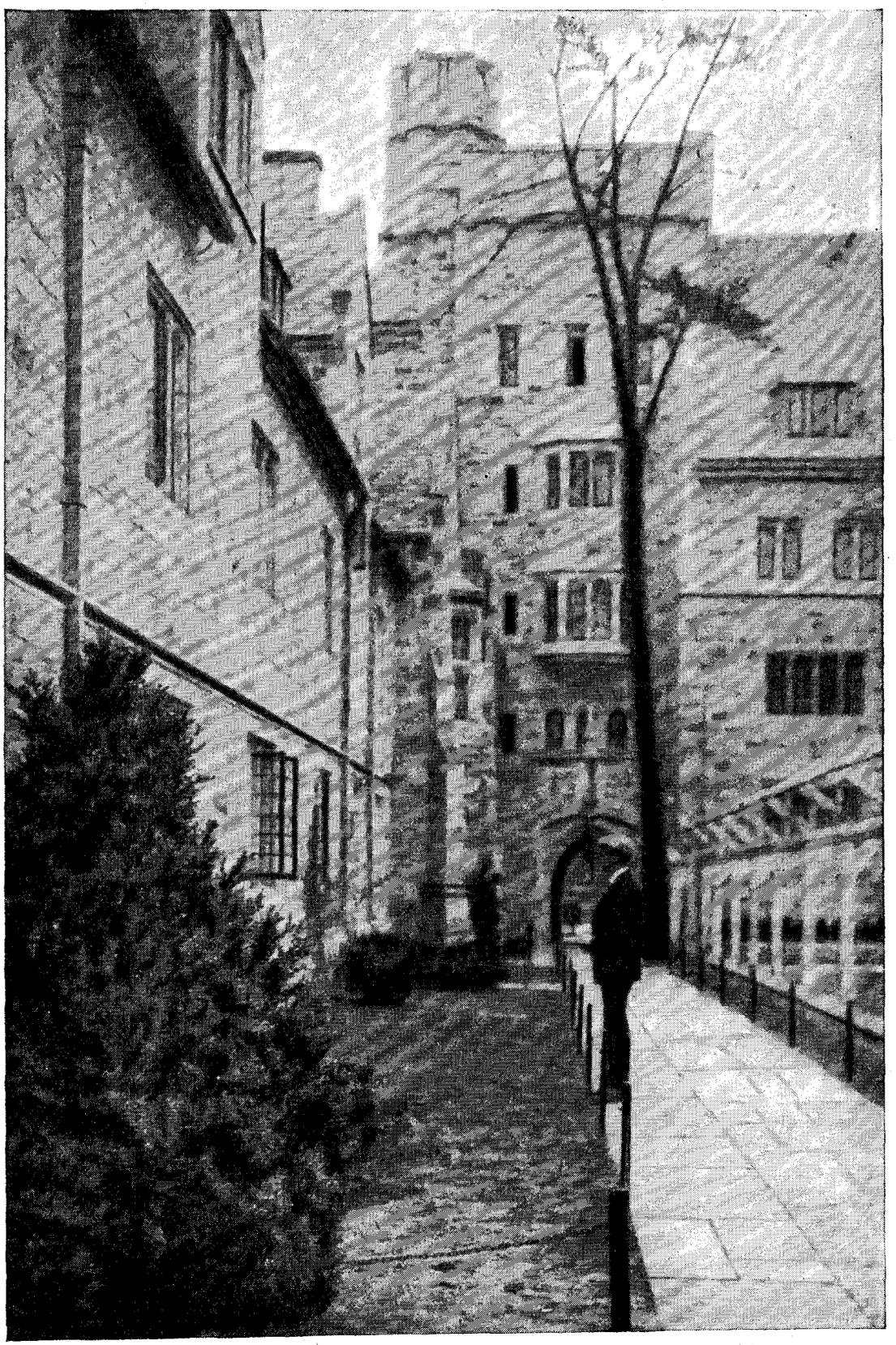

AN OLD-WORLD VISTA IN BRANFORD COURT

The Memorial Quadrangle has one large interior court, with several subsidiary courts, which serve to give space and light to the group of buildings which compose the Memorial. The view here presented—"quite like Oxford," some one says—shows a corner of the large court (the fence at the right being a temporary feature)

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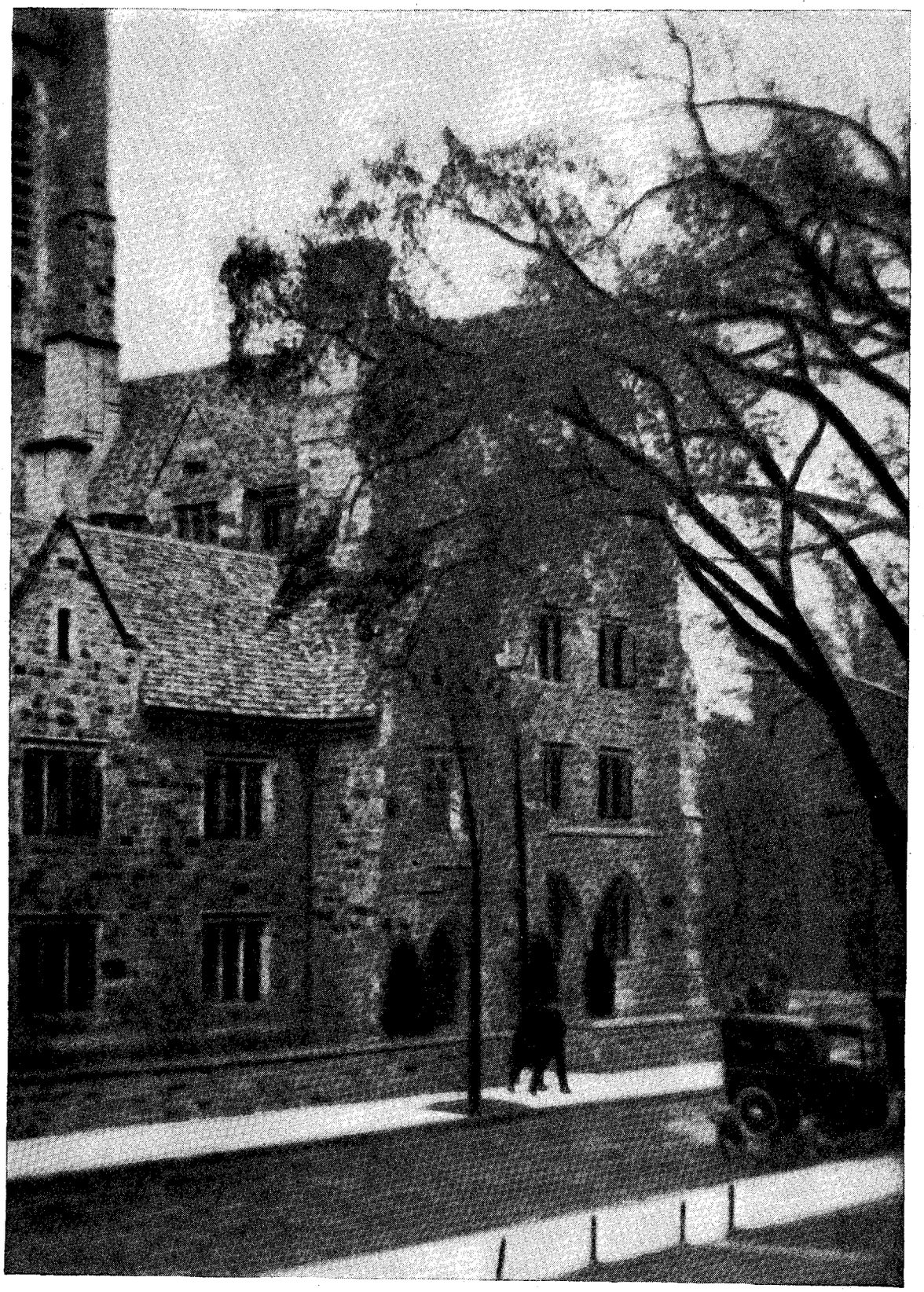

AT THE CORNER OF LIBRARY AND HIGH STREETS—THE HARKNESS TOWER AT THE LEFT

The Memorial Quadrangle occupies an entire city square, upon which formerly stood the Old Gymnasium, the Peabody Museum, Pierson Hall, and various other buildings. Underneath the corner-stone (at the right) is a stone from each of the college buildings formerly in this square. This corner-stone was laid on the 200th anniversary of the starting of the first college building at New Haven. The old Library of the College stands near by, across the street

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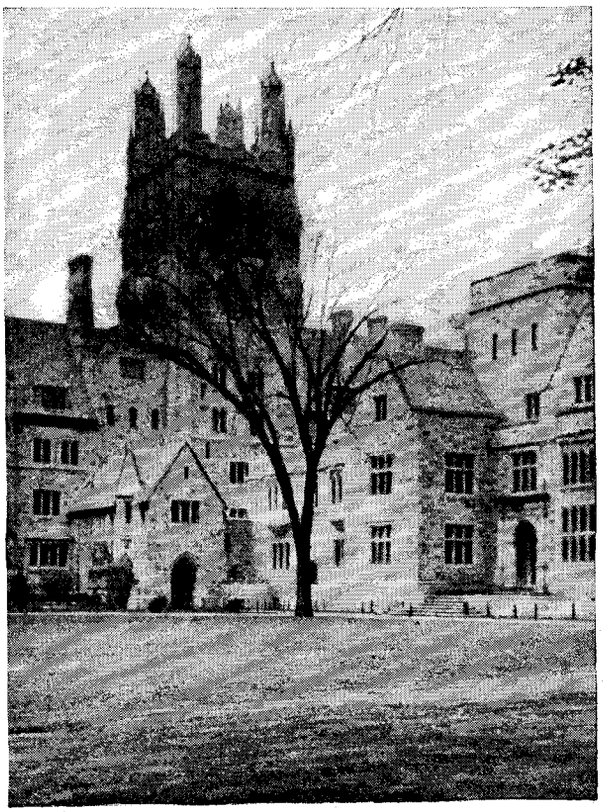
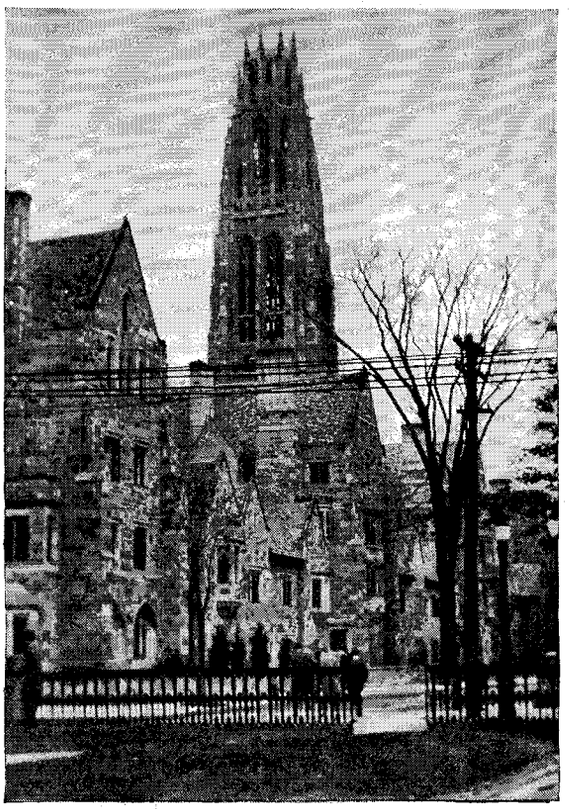
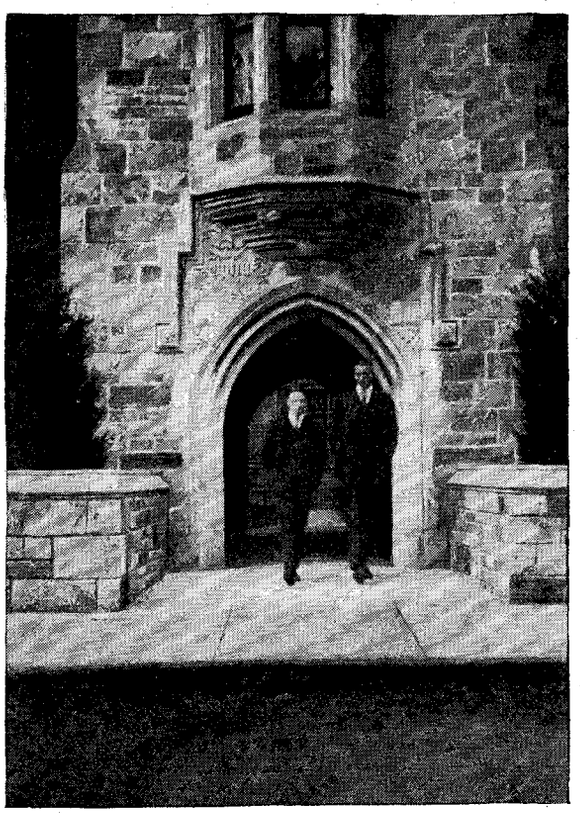




THE TWO GREAT TOWERS OF THE MEMORIAL QUADRANGLE

Wrexham Tower, at the left, is here seen from Branford Court. It is designed after the tower of the little Welsh church where Elihu Yale lies buried. Over the doorway of the entrance to Wrexham Tower is a stone brought from Wrexham Tower in Wales. Harkness Tower, on the right, is here seen from the corner of York and Library Streets. The view includes the varied lines of the mass of buildings on the Library Street side of the Quadrangle



DAVENPORT GATEWAY, LEADING INTO THE INNER COURTYARDS

Numerous ornamental gateways lead from the streets on which the Quadrangle faces to the interior. They are named from noted men associated with Yale's history

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THE GIFT

BY ALINE KILMER

He has taken away the things that I loved best:
Love and youth and the harp that knew my hand.
Laughter alone is left of all the rest.
Does He mean that I may fill my days with laughter,
Or will it, too, slip through my fingers like spilt sand?

Why should I beat my wings like a bird in a net,
When I can be still and laugh at my own desire?
The wise may shake their heads at me, but yet
I should be sad without my little laughter.
The crackling of thorns is not so bad a fire.

Will He take away even the thorns from under the pot,
And send me cold and supperless to bed?
He has been good to me. I know He will not.
He gave me to keep a little foolish laughter.
I shall not lose it even when I am dead.

OUT OF THE TOGA AND INTO OVERALLS[1]

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

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THE NEW FRIENDSHIP IN THE FACTORY

BASELESS FEARS OF REVOLUTION—PERSONALITY IN MANAGEMENT—THE SQUARE DEAL—SOME MISTAKES OF THE MANAGERS—THE FAULTS AND PROMISE OF INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY—UNION MEMBERS AND GENUINE OPEN SHOPS

There is no revolution in the air among the factory workers of America, so far as I could see. But there is a great inchoate yearning and a feeling that the development of men has not received the attention from industrial management which has been given to the development of the machine. Cyrus McCormick, Jr., in the "Harvester World," strikes the keynote:

> Automatic machinery, progressive machining and assembling, have come to stay. Do we make as good use of man power as of machine power? Are we taking better care of machines than we are of men? No factory superintendent would consent to the operation of any gear-cutter which was so dulled as to cause its rate of production to drop below the point of efficiency. It is more important that the man should be maintained in good health, that he should have around his home and his work a happy influence, and in a proper sense be unwearied.

There is no revolution in the heart of American workers. Burn and rob—these men with whom I spent the summer? They are representative average American citizens, and if they have arson and robbery in their hearts it is in the heart of America—the most orderly country in the world. In the selective draft the Government reached into every home, and there was never a draft riot. The Government took away liquor from millions of people, against the will of a vast number, and there was never a whisky insurrection. The working people of America have no wish to tear our institutions down. They want the corporations to have a square deal. They are not opposed to having men of organizing genius as leaders, but they want men who have proved their capacity to lead harmoniously and intelligently in the disciplined comradeship of co-operative production.

To provide against revolution between industrial classes in America, against direct action, the general strike, and all that dangerous and unwholesome brood of radicalisms which threaten Europe, we must clear away the menace of either capitalistic or labor class control in this country. Why has labor in England again and again seemed disloyal to the Government? The reason is to be found in the tragedy of the long struggle of English labor with a landed and manufacturing class government which for generations denied labor justice. There were seventy-five years of the factory system before the labor of women and older children was reduced from twelve to ten hours a day, and sixty years of it before the labor of children between nine and thirteen was reduced to eight hours and employment in the mills of children under nine years of age was finally prohibited. There was a long period when, out of sight in the mines of England, children from five years upward appear to have worked for long hours sometimes for ten cents a day.

The terrible battle against a government which for many years refused to workingmen the right to organize, which permitted an exploitative degradation of the homes of labor, the battle against *laissez-faire* economists with their upper-class-comforting theories that nothing could be done which would not make matters worse—all this is burned into the soul of the English working class and accounts to-day for their seeming lack of patriotism. We are told that trade-unionism in England has agreed to receive into its ranks only a few of the men returned from the war. This seems incredible, but it is understandable.

"What has the country ever done for us?" they demand. "What have we to thank the Government for? How did we get where we are? Behind us is a century and a half of the agony of a struggle against influences which tried to deprive us and our children of our rights as human beings."

Sometimes in this country we hear the sullen murmur of labor against the militia. It is not that labor is unpatriotic, but that many times the militia has been used for class purposes, and not impartially for the common welfare. Sometimes we hear labor denounce the courts, but it is because some biased judges, trained in the corporate cult, have used arbitrary mandates of injunction against the weak and helpless. Elihu Root, in a speech before the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York in 1915, on "The Invisible Government," showed that for forty years neither the people nor the common welfare had been in power in the State of New York. And of course the same conditions were prevalent in more than a dozen other great States where autocratic and sometimes corrupt influence controlled the puppets of politics. In recent years, since the deplorable Adamson incident in the Federal Congress of 1916, and during the war while labor had its opportunity to make or break the world, there was danger of the other extreme, and there still is. The general strike upon public or quasi-public utilities is a paralyzing weapon. But the way out is not through a return to the control of government by capitalism, but by the upbuilding of government so intelligent, so just, that both

[1] Senator Davenport entered an automobile factory as a worker last summer. His experiences form the basis of this article, as of that in The Outlook for May 4.

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capital and labor shall be its devoted supporters and not its masters.

FAULTS OF THE MANAGERS

My work in a factory has convinced me that making industry more intelligent and human is what is needed. This applies to the farm as much as to the factory, but the factory situation is far more critical. And the chief factory problem is to make the management more intelligent and human. I am not decrying the genius of American industrial management; it is the best in the world, and in many directions is highly specialized and able, and it is developing some men of extraordinary vision. But, by and large, management is still too disregardful of the best interests of industry and of the country. The danger is narrow specialization. Their philosophy is a hand-to-mouth, day-to-day philosophy. Let us get over this particular trouble until to-morrow. What's the use of star-gazing into the future? Why worry about ten years from now? Ten years from now we may all be dead.

The industrial struggle is not, as it is frequently phrased, between capital and labor, but between management and labor. It sometimes happens that the capitalist is also the manager, but not usually. Poor capital very frequently has a tough fight for existence. But the historic autocracy of management has created the labor disorders of the world, and the human wisdom of management can cure these disorders better than any other single influence. Management has the power and the opportunity. Industrial management in the next generation can make or break not only American industry but America. If it treks back to the old corrupt political methods and the old arrogant industrial methods, America is gone. But if it suffuses its genius with that sort of humanity which makes for both efficiency and good will, it can be of extraordinary service in solving political, social, and economic problems.

It is none too soon to begin to cure the defects in the productiveness of industry and to curb the rising counter-arrogance of labor by wiser methods than those of the past. I know there are two sides to this. If management gives a square deal, it has a right to expect one in return. Management cannot yield weakly to labor, because labor will take advantage. Labor is often exacting and will continue to exact something more than scientific management from the employer. Piece-work, the bonus and premium plans, labor is too likely to regard as management's schemes to exact the last pound of effort. Labor is suspicious of the methods of scientific management and will not work well and faithfully under them unless the human relations between management and labor are greatly strengthened. Labor is wearying of passing its life under orders. Labor is growing restive under unbridled power, and is demanding a greater measure of equality and liberty as the basis of any enduring fraternity. Labor is growing far more intelligent and far more self-conscious, and is less inclined than ever before to tolerate a merely "superior class" within its area of activity. It will recognize and follow and be devoted to real organizing genius and character, provided that leadership opens the way to workers to realize their new aspirations.

Management has far to go and none too much time in which to make good on its obligation. Some of the leaders see the problem as it is and are already doing their part. But the men of smaller and reactionary minds are still in the majority and are inclined to look upon the few really splendid, liberal industrial leaders as men who have deserted their class, traitorously gone back on it—a pitiful form of industrial imbecility, and dangerous to the country.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

I have tried to find out what American workingmen in this plant think of industrial democracy. Many persons think that the industrial millennium would come overnight if we could suddenly everywhere establish shop committees and industrial senates and assemblies. I am inclined to be more wary of that view than I was at the beginning of my factory experience. I did not find that this particular body of men, anyway, are hungry for shop committees, industrial senates, or councils. I have no doubt that if some representative method were devised for bringing all sorts of matters to discussion and decision co-operatively between management and labor it would be of great benefit to the plant. But I cannot detect that there is much conscious hankering for forms or institutions.

And I think I have come to a somewhat different conception of the stuff of which industrial democracy really consists. This democratic movement inside of industry is on labor's part a profound and resistless movement for self-expression. In England it exhibited itself during the war and is doing so increasingly since the war as a movement for freer consultation and human understanding between employer and employee. The old notions of "master" and "betters" are distasteful to both sides in England since the war. The "drivers" among managers and foremen are becoming fewer. There is more co-operation, more effort especially on the part of the management to win loyalty and efficiency through loyalty.

I am not at all certain that the course of industrial democracy in America is to follow that of England. It is entangled with the whole question of free play for individual initiative. Industrial democracy here, as I conceive it, fundamentally means equality of opportunity, a chance for the fittest and the best to come up through, a chance for any ideas to come through from the worker on the floor and at the bench, a chance for grievances to become articulate and to receive attention and remedy, continuous employment and just wages based upon American standards of living, suitable provision for critical contingencies in the life of the worker, a chance to be masters of their own destiny.

If democratic aspirations are satisfied, I see no tendency among these factory workers of a desire to run the business. There seems to be a genuine admiration for and faith in the leadership of the two men at the top in this particular plant, who for many years have shown the spirit of give and take and good will. I noticed that when the workers have voiced pretty severe criticisms of what is going on they always attribute the trouble to some lieutenant farther down the line, never to these two men at the top. This is the normal attitude of the average human mind, to recognize and follow magnetic leadership. It will continue to operate for a very long time if management is worthy of it. The Bolshevik attitude of antagonism to men of organizing genius and initiative runs against human instincts the world over. British labor, even when it seems to be reaching for final control over government and industry, seems to be perceptibly mellowing in its estimate of the value of brains and executive ability.

If reasonable democratic aspirations are met, we shall have full opportunity in this country, I think, to work out industrial democracy slowly and in line with American traditions. But, to my mind, whether we succeed or not depends entirely upon the degree of humanness which is speedily put into industrial relations, and particularly upon the degree of humanness and vision which irradiates the intelligence of industrial management throughout the country. Militant trades unions engaged in deadly combat with militant employers' associations cannot bring industrial democracy any more than they can bring industrial efficiency and peace. Such combat results either in final control of one party or the other or else in civil war.

What industry needs is time to develop a safe and efficient form of democracy. And the development should be by trial and error, as it has been in political democracy. It should follow the course of evolution, and not revolution. Political democracy has slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent. At first John of England said, "I am the State," and then a few landed barons on the field of Runnymede insisted that he sign Magna Charta. He is credibly reported to have come close to an apoplectic fit in his tent after he signed, but he signed. The landed aristocracy generally came to share the power. Then the men of property, obtained through trade and commerce, demanded a share and obtained it. Then the skilled artisans, then the agricultural laborers, then all manhood within reasonable limits, then all womanhood.

Working slowly by trial and experiment should industrial democracy come. Political democracy has always been silently extending some humble institution which it already possessed until

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upon this foundation it built the whole democratic edifice. Some plants have a shop safety committee, either skillfully and fairly appointed in line with the sentiment of the workers or elected directly by the workers. Both sides recognize the value of such a committee. A reasonably rapid but unheralded extension of function of such a committee to include matters of health, of the slighter grievances, and later of wages, hours, and conditions generally, is better than new machinery and elaborate new institutions of democracy. Mankind, so far as I know, has never done well with more democracy than it could properly assimilate and appreciate at the moment. But we may as well face the fact that the desire for self-expression among workers creeps resistlessly on, and this instinct must be satisfied if prosperity and ordered liberty are to continue. Just as political autocracy and aristocracy have slowly disappeared, so must merely economic autocracy and aristocracy disappear.

In dealing with the problems of industry America can learn much from England and Australia. Australia is learning the folly of the coercive process of compulsory arbitration except within very limited areas. In England eighty-five per cent of labor is already organized, with all the symptoms of permanent class struggle or else of final labor control. Such an alternative is not pleasing to America and is not American. To do away with the class struggle and to establish a government of all through all under the leadership of the wisest and the best was, I believe, Mazzini's conception of a true democracy. The class struggle establishes caste and the law of the average and levels down initiative even while it levels up the mass.

THE MAN WITH THE SINE

In the tool-room of the plant I asked: "Who is the ablest skilled workman?" And when I learned who he was I talked with him. And I found out that the thing which made him more valuable than anybody else among the one hundred and fifty in the department was his ability to use the sine-bar, something that I had never heard of. The sine-bar is a new trigonometric instrument of exact measurement, largely developed during the war. It involves logarithms and is absolutely accurate, as the micrometer is not. I asked this young man how he learned to use the sine-bar, as I was quite sure he had never had trigonometry in college. He said he had had only a common-school education, but when he became interested in the sine-bar he got hold of the drawings and tables of the draughtsman and, working after hours, perfected himself in the use of the sine-bar. And with pride he took down his table of logarithms and told me about the sine-bar. When anybody in the tool-room must have a measurement precisely right, he must go to the man who knows the sine-bar.

It would be a dangerous thing for the prosperity of the world and for the future of the race if hundreds of thousands of cases of initiative like this were not appreciated and rewarded and given the freest opportunity to work through to the top. This is America as distinguished from every other country in the world, and it is a distinction that ought not to be lightly thrown away. If we are to stop the movement towards a hard and fast class cleavage in the United States, it can only be by the rapid extension of the principles and practices of sound human interest throughout American industry. And government, although it can do something, can do far less than the authoritative managers of our great enterprises throughout the country.

THE STRUGGLE FOR UNIONISM

This is not a union plant, although it employs a good many union men. One of them had been the secretary of a union whose members went on strike in New York State. He had a wife and children. He tried West Virginia, and ran into a strike there. Then he tried East Liverpool, Ohio, but business slackened and he lost his job just after he had spent $400 of his savings to get his family into Ohio, and he was down and out. He was glad to be in a genuine open shop with a well-established industry, but he had no qualms about his course with organized labor except that he was sorry for what his family had had to suffer. He felt that he was fighting in his earlier years a young man's battle for his class and for his principles.

Another had once been in the union, but had had enough of unionism for a lifetime. Some years ago he was working in another great near-by plant. One Monday morning he "went out" with his comrades in defense of what he regarded as justice to his fellows. He had a wife and children and was obliged to get work soon, so he went from factory to factory, but found he had been black-listed. He was a pariah to all factory society because he had joined in a battle for the good of men of his kind as he saw it. For months, although he had but one leg and was a skilled mechanic, he had to dig ditches at small pay, until he slowly crept back out of a union into an open-shop haven.

There was a sense of exhaustion with their struggles on the part of these and other old union men, but I found none who denounced unionism. One of them said to me: "As long as manufacturers have the power of association and black-listing and punishment, as long as combinations of profiteers have power to put up prices and starve men and bring the working class to time, unionism must exist."

The purpose of a good many short-sighted persons and of certain great commercial organizations at the present moment to make the closed shop "a battling issue," to lock horns with trade-unionism in a final great encounter, is disquieting. Can we learn nothing from history and can we see no better remedy? Unionism is, and always has been, merely a fighting weapon. Industrial autocracy and exploitation, not always deliberately brutal, but thoughtless and class-conscious, have created unionism, and made it necessary to the economic freedom of great areas of employment. Trade-unionism has given collective strength to a great body of reasonably intelligent skilled workers of the free countries, and has lifted standards of justice and profit for the whole working class, whether organized or not. Unionism will exist until the need for it passes. But it is not necessarily a permanent institution. The greatest victory that unionism will ever win will come when there is no further need for unionism.

THE STRAIT-JACKET

There is no reason whatever that the democracy of industry in the United States should follow the path of England and set up a permanent class cleavage between employers and employees, between trade unions and management unions. The democracy of industry in the United States may follow a far more American channel. But it cannot be done through great associations of manufacturers and employers aiding and abetting bitter struggles against the closed shop and making a gigantic public issue thereby. Under those circumstances, the universal strait-jacket closed shop, with all the evils which might follow in its train, will win perhaps through a process not very different from civil war. But the management of American industry has it in its own grasp to make all strait-jacket and un-American methods of battling for human rights unnecessary. A relatively small percentage of American labor has as yet developed a hard and fast system of fighting those whom it regards as its natural foes.

The way to stop any uneconomic or un-American trend of labor is to develop the practical brotherhood of genuine human co-operation inside of every great industrial plant in the country, and to do it soon. Such a plan will spread from the center of great industrial management more swiftly than from any other source. The square deal is still a great solvent. Spending endless energy and time in trying to prevent labor from organizing and using a fighting weapon like the closed shop, as long as the lack of a square deal seems to make such fighting weapons invaluable to class justice, is a foolish and futile method for men to employ who are big enough for the management jobs of America.

As long as there are arrogant, autocratic employers there will be struggles for the closed shop. As long as political machinery seems to be in the power of the capitalist class the labor class will seek to wrest it away through counter-intimidation, or the threat of a labor party, or widespread direct action, or some other equally undemocratic method. But the earlier management of industry had a great deal to do with creating the labor disorder. And it is up to the management of American industry, alert, able, and sensible, to cure it.

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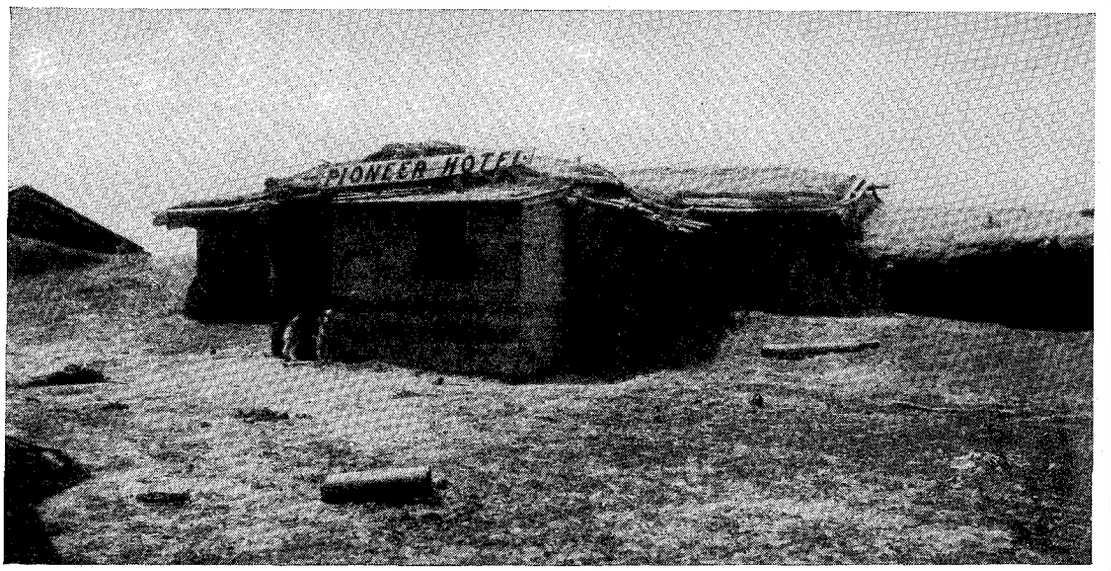
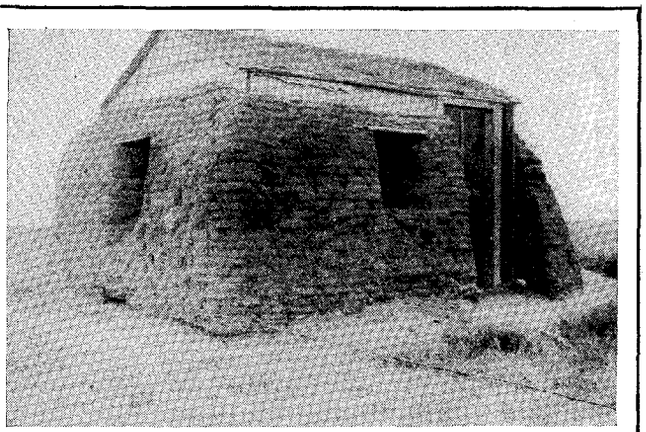
SOD AND THATCH

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS





From Frederick S. Williams, Dallas, West Virginia

The photographs above and at the left show well-preserved specimens of the architecture of the days of the homesteaders in our Great West. A more or less substantial frame of wood was covered by cakes of prairie grass sod laid up as bricks would be. When the picture of the Pioneer Hotel was taken, the hostelry was doing a thriving business in a South Dakota town, our informant says. These sod houses, he adds, made better homes for fleas and other friendly though unwelcome insects than for human beings, but they served well as temporary shelter for the builders of that part of our Nation; in fact, many of these houses are still in use. The picture at the left shows one of the sod dwellings; in the one at the top the sod feature appears mainly on the roofs.

The photograph below shows an old English inn called "The Cat and Fiddle," on the Bournemouth Road, between Highcliff and Bournemouth, England. The painted sign in front of the inn, bearing a picture of the cat and the fiddle celebrated in the nursery rhyme, gives the inn its name.

From John Wade, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

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THE BOOK TABLE

A SYSTEM OF PROTECTIVE READING

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

I HAVE noticed recently a concerted movement on the part of more or less respectable friends of mine to get people generally to read more books. Publishers as a rule, I think I may say without injury to their feelings, rather incline to this thought. The book reviewers also seem to write more favorably of most books than they did. I have written several books myself that for some years have failed to attract the attention of an eager public, and which I should be glad to have issued in new editions if I could feel reasonably sure that they would not crowd out Shakespeare and Milton and other important writers who, like myself, are not being read so much as of yore. But my main purpose is not to further the sale of my own works, as interesting as they may be to some folks who believe they can still borrow money from me, but it is to call attention to this new book movement with a view to persuading people here and there to look into it. I really have something of interest and importance to communicate.

Of course the danger of taking on anything more in the intellectual line than we have on hand at present is that it may cramp us in other directions: if we get into the habit of reading books, the movies will feel it, and if the receipts from the movies should begin to drop at this critical time, there's no telling how soon the end will come. The railways have gone already; the steel business isn't feeling over-well; in fact, without going too much into particulars, about the only thing at present that seems to stand between us and destruction are the movies. If we should all begin to stay home even a couple of evenings a week and take to reading the Bible and Homer and, say, one of my former works that isn't really so bad as they said it was at the time, where would we be then? This is a question that we must consider carefully. Much as I favor in the abstract buying a book a week, I realize that the safety of the Republic requires me not to stop too quickly patronizing the Gish sisters and Charlie Chaplin.

Then there is the baseball industry, which showed signs of languishing last year until somebody discovered it concealed a worm or so of corruption and it was thus advertised enough to get back its stride; it would be a pity to read books and not have time to keep up with the batting averages, or the names of the principal players, and how much they are getting and what they wear and eat. Then there are golf and tennis and business and other expensive sports which must be maintained. It is necessary to keep informed about what is or is not going on; we must also consort with our neighbors and listen over the telephone; among and between all of these things, does it also come within our line of duty to read books? One sees them around occasionally on tables, reads about them in literary supplements, and hears them referred to intimately by those who talk as if they had really read them. But to read them ourselves is quite another matter. The habit is too easy, not to acquire, but to practice. You can read a book anywhere, standing up and sitting down, in trains and trolleys. There was a man who acquired a book education by reading on horseback. Now that electricity has come in, the danger of reading in bed is reduced to zero; so that if you once break down the barriers and get into the habit of reading you are lost; there is nothing you can talk about to your friends; they wouldn't know what you meant. You don't have to go anywhere or do anything; it costs practically nothing; indeed, the amount you save in carfare each week by not going to places that now you don't want to go to will buy twice as many books as you read. No wonder so many people instinctively shrink from it; it not only costs too little, but it is an occupation that would make them practically independent of other entertainments. A desperate outlook in these paternalistic days.

Please believe that I say this not in any mean or derisive spirit, but in all seriousness. If you doubt me, try the experiment for yourself. Let us say that you are an average American. Very well. Now the average American has recently been declared by an eminent scientist not to be any further advanced mentally than an eighteen-year-old boy. Well, that is enough. I have an eighteen-year-old boy, and if you are as far advanced as he thinks he is you know it all.

And say you start the habit of reading a book a week. You can curl up anywhere and take a fall out of that book, and you don't care what happens—if it's a good book of course, like "The Tale of Two Cities," or "Kim," or "Ivanhoe," or "Treasure Island." You settle down after dinner, if you are a married man, with a cigar and the right light over your shoulder, and just as you've got settled, even to the ash-tray right at your elbow, your wife steps up and says, "Come on, dear; it's Norma Talmadge"—and what are you going to do about it then?

Or maybe you are a business man; try quoting "Kim" to a customer, and, not to be too dignified, see where you get off. The fact is that if you should, in some moment of weakness, be led into this pernicious habit of reading good books you would be immediately cut off from the society of your kind. If you did not acquire the reputation of a highbrow, you would take on that of a bore; those you meet would begin to regard you with lack-luster eye, your profits would decline, your family would desert you; the world indeed would only be paying you back in kind; because you had discovered something that made you independent of it, it would take its revenge by drawing away from you; it would leave you stranded.

Now the fact is that, however much we may console ourselves with such mental resources as we have been able secretly to develop, none of us quite likes to be stranded in just this manner. Perhaps in those moments of high rapture when the book has wholly "got" us we flaunt the world metaphorically, sitting in our chair in our cozy corner alone in the house; but, after all, we are part of our world, whatever it is that has been built up around us; we cannot abjure it in this mediæval fashion; we must listen to it, cajole and be cajoled by it; let it lead us around and accept its rewards and punishments.

At least outwardly. And here I come to my secret. It is wonderful; it is absorbing; it works; and I fain would let you in on it, if you'll promise not to tell. It wouldn't do to have it get out; this would spoil everything; so I beg of you to keep it to yourself. If certain people I know should find out what I am doing, it would ruin me. I am quite safe in writing this because they never read. And, what is more, they don't suspect that I do; at least they don't suspect I read in the way I do, but only in the way they think they read, which—as I have indicated—is not at all. The rule is simple; I never let them see me read, and I never refer to anything I have read. The only thing that remains is to tell how the thing can be done. How is it possible for us to conceal ourselves from others long enough to acquire a habit which, if known, might prove to be fatal?

It is perfectly easy. All you need do in the beginning is to get a leather book cover, the outside of which is marked in conspicuous letters "Income Tax Reports." You put it over the book you read, and there you are. If you are reading Rabelais or Stephen Leacock, for example, and burst into loud laughter, your sympathetic friend merely glances at you, shakes his head, and says, "Poor chap! He's only in the early stages yet!" He has no feeling of superiority for you that he might feel, for example, if he knew you were a bookworm. He has been hysterical himself over income-tax reports.

To get on good terms with the best literature in comfortable privacy, with-

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out danger, by adopting this system will be found an easy task. As you acquire more skill, you will naturally turn to other subjects for protection than the income-tax reports; you may become intimate with Milton and Dante under the alluring legend of "Our Annual Seed Catalogue," "Film Favorites," "Baseball Records," and so forth. Also, at comparatively slight expense, you can acquire a set of covers in sizes to fit almost any book, from the Temple Edition of Shakespeare to a quarto of Plutarch.

It is only necessary to conclude with a word of caution to the wise. As your liberal education, thus screened from the outside world, grows in importance, a corresponding measure of self-control will be necessary. The temptation is often great to disclose your secret. Eternal restraint is the price of liberty. Keep mum. If your friends should suddenly become aware that you are well read, your doom would be sealed. Think of the educated people we shun because they are so indiscreet as to talk of what they read!

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

COME BACK (THE). By Carolyn Wells. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

Another tale about Miss Wells's two girl detectives. The story of crime and detection is combined with psychic mysteries.

HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN WINDOWS (THE). By J. E. Buckrose. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

Mrs. Buckrose is always gentle and agreeable in her stories of English country life. This is, however, not one of the strongest of her novels.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By Mary Briarly. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

This novel treats industrial subjects, and especially the place of women in industrial life, with care and thoughtfulness. It is correctly described by the publishers as "a story of American life and the development of the freedom of American women as they are complicated by the labor problem."

PROFITEERS (THE). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

If the stories of mystery, crime, and detection written in such abundance by Mr. Oppenheim were to be ranked according to their merit and interest, we are afraid that the present example would stand pretty near the end of the list.

LITTLE RED FOOT (THE). By Robert W. Chambers. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

It is refreshing to turn from Mr. Chambers's later novels and remember that in his earlier literary career he wrote one of the best American historical stories, "Cardigan." In his new book he carries on the story of the agitation and fighting in New York between Albany and Canada in the days preceding and following the outbreak of the American Revolution. The horrors of the Indian and Tory raids are described with historical accuracy and dramatic intensity. The love story included stands out delightfully before this historic background.

VISION HOUSE. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

As in earlier stories by these authors, the interest of travel and sightseeing is here combined with that of romance. The hero is introduced as "the only American V. C.," although the fact seems to be that he was really a British subject, and therefore technically, as well as by merit, entitled to receive the Victoria Cross. The tale has its improbabilities, but it is exciting and readable.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING. By James Ward. Vol. IV. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

This volume is of particular value to lovers of Venetian painting. More than half of the text comprises a discussion of the painters of Venice from the Bellinis down. The rest of the book tells us much about the painters from other Italian centers. The author's style, while clear and compact, is not particularly magnetic.

MODERN TENDENCIES IN SCULPTURE. By Lorado Taft. Illustrated. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $5.

This work by a sculptor who is also a critic of wide knowledge and facile power of expression will be valued by all art-loving Americans. The wealth of illustration (there are over four hundred pictures) makes the book extremely useful to readers who, after enjoying Professor Taft's luminous comments, wish to form their own judgment as to the recent developments in sculpture which are so fully treated in the book.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

EUROPE'S MORNING AFTER. By Kenneth L. Roberts. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Literally, "Schieber" is "one who shoves." The Germans, it seems, now apply the name Schieber to the man who makes money unjustifiably, who gets something at a low price and "shoves" it along to some one else at a high price. Mr. Kenneth Roberts, an acute, unconventional, and very informative observer, says:

> He is a man who cheats by dealing in goods in which he is not legitimately entitled to deal, such as flour and bread and sugar and meat. These goods are supposed to be under Government control so that everybody can have an equal amount. But the Schieber sells them at a high price to those who are unwilling to subsist on a Government ration. . . . If the Schieber cheats by selling at a profit the foodstuffs which he is not supposed to sell, then there are hundreds of thousands of people in Germany cheating by purchasing from the Schieber the food that they are not supposed to eat. . . . Therefore I say that Germany is a land of Schiebers.

Crossing the frontier into Poland, we find that the distinguished ex-Premier of that country is still apparently as much of a national idol as ever. The author tells us that Paderewski has lost neither his popularity nor his influence. In fact, Mr. Roberts adds in his slapdash, slangy fashion: "Anybody who says that Paderewski hasn't the love and the admiration of the entire Polish nation is talking through his hat as well as through his overcoat and goloshes." The reader who seeks information about Paderewski must read fifty-five pages to get it; the book has no index. But all the chapters are worth reading even if the text is repetitious and its wit crude.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

TYRANNY OF THE COUNTRYSIDE (THE). By F. E. Green. The Labor Publishing Company, Ltd., London.

The conditions that make the British farm laborer and village worker dissatisfied with their lot are feelingly and forcibly presented in this unusually plain-spoken book. Rarely has "Hodge's" case been more effectively presented.

SCIENCE

NEW STONE AGE (THE). By Harrison E. Howe. Illustrated. (The Century Books of Useful Science.) The Century Company, New York. $3.

"The New Stone Age" is the age of cement and concrete. This volume discusses the raw material necessary for the different types and explains the preparation involved; it tells about the parts which chemistry and other sciences play in cement and concrete and scientifically sets forth just what happens when these materials set and harden. Finally, it informs us concerning the various uses of cement and concrete.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

BRASSBOUNDER (THE). By David W. Bone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

FOUR CORNERS. By Clifford Raymond. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

TOO OLD FOR DOLLS. By Anthony M. Ludovici. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CASE OF KOREA (THE). By Henry Chung, A.M., Ph.D. Foreword by Hon. Selden P. Spencer. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $3.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ANNALS AND ANTIQUITIES OF RAJASTHAN; OR, THE CENTRAL AND WESTERN RAJPUT STATES OF INDIA. By Lieut.-Col. James Tod. 3 vols. The Oxford University Press, New York.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

IN HIS STEPS TO-DAY. By Charles M. Sheldon. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

IMMIGRANT HEALTH AND THE COMMUNITY. By Michael M. Davis, Jr. Americanization Studies. Harper & Brothers, New York.

MESSAGE OF SADHU SUNDAR SINGH (THE). By B. H. Streeter, M.A., and A. J. Appasamy, B.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

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The SEVEN-LEAGUE LOOM

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

"HERE'S where some of the mill-hands live," said the taxi-driver."

"What mill-hands?"

"Wood Worsted, the big mill you see over there."

Through the gray spring drizzle that was descending upon Lawrence came the clean sparkle of a delightful region of Colonial homes. From their flower-beds came a wet fragrance; their lattice-work was covered with vines.

"How do you people of Lawrence feel toward Mr. Wood?" we asked, curious to know what the big Massachusetts mill town thought of the master of its industrial destinies.

"I see by the papers that he made $125,000 out of his mills last year. I'm no Anarchist or Socialist. But that's too much for any man to make."

How near right the driver's figures were I don't know. But judging from Mr. Wood's industrial value to the country, I should think his services would be cheap at ten times that figure.

We were on our way to Shawsheen Village, midway between Lawrence and Andover, to learn something more about the American Woolen Company and its founder. There is something strange and elusive about him. History has more to say of many a lesser figure than will probably ever be recorded about William M. Wood. Yet his influence impinges upon human life at perhaps more points of contact than the influence of any other big industrial leader we have. What Harriman did for railroading, what Rockefeller did for oil, what Gary did for steel, William M. Wood has done for wool.

FOUND INDUSTRY GROPING

One cannot study the woolen industry without looking deeply into the work of the American Woolen Company—not because this organization controls most of the American woolen industry; it does not—but because the American Woolen Company found out how to fit its stride to the enormous needs of modern times and showed other mills how. And one cannot study the American Woolen Company without studying the character of Mr. Wood. For, while he could leave his desk tomorrow for a long absence and know that the work would go right along without a hitch, there would be no American Woolen Company if it were not for William M. Wood, and the industry might still be groping along the byways where he found it.

He found the industry utterly disorganized. Mill was fighting mill in his native New England hills. It was a struggle for labor, for wool, for equipment, for competent overseers, for capital, for distribution of the finished product. There was incredible waste. Cost of production knowledge was non-existent. Wages were low, cost of finished weaves high, working and sanitary conditions bad. Co-ordination and team-work between mills were unknown. In their place were suspicion and inter-mill conflict. The finer weaves all had to come from England. No one had ever even taken the trouble to make a survey of the facts of pro-

In every street crowd in the civilized world are suits of clothes made of American Woolen Company fabrics

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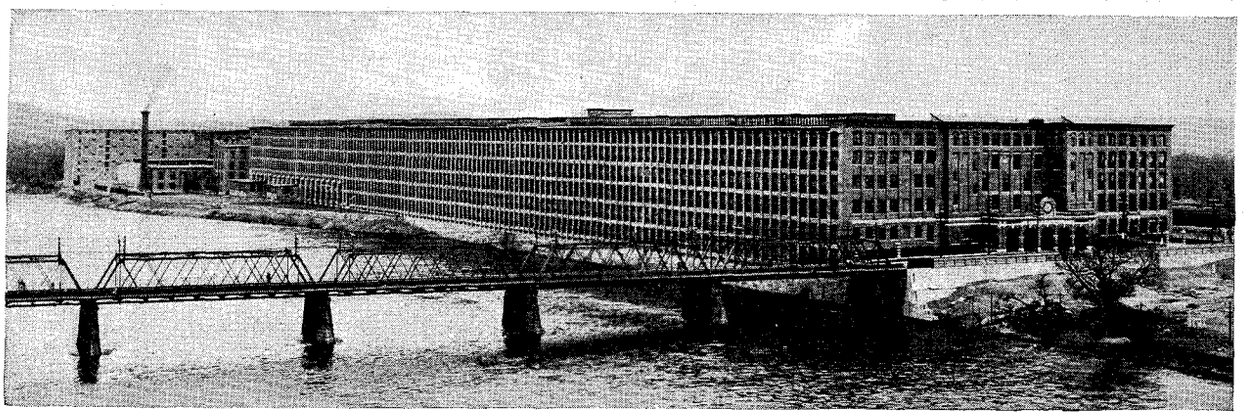


The Wood Worsted Mills at Lawrence are the largest on earth. The Washington, Ayer, and Prospect Mills of the same company are also in Lawrence. These four contain more than half a million spindles and looms

duction or distribution. Salesmen of the competing mills chased each other about like hares and hounds. When a mill burnt down, dividends stopped.

But in the midst of this disorganized milling a new kind of loom was at work. In the brain of William M. Wood the seven-league shuttle of a new idea was plying to and fro. Like the glistening tracks of Harriman's dreams, like the pipe-lines of Rockefeller's, like the blast-furnaces of Carnegie's, it was one of the first manifestations of the age of organization.

This man found an industry searching its way with oil wicks; he illuminated the path with the glare of a new idea, and called to the mill men to follow.

Every great industrial organizer is a great critic. Wood made the first deep critical incision into the ailing anatomy of the wool and worsted industry. He applied a kind of criticism that had never been applied before. It was a creative criticism. Small criticism is mere cavil. Large criticism adds the creative function to the critical function. Morse applied it to communication, Edison to illumination, the Wrights to transportation. It is always inventive. It is sensitive, high-strung. It is more or less misunderstood.

All his life Mr. Wood has been fascinated by the study of other men's lives. Like Benjamin Franklin, he has read Plutarch's "Lives" abundantly. He is an incessant student of history and loves Shakespeare.

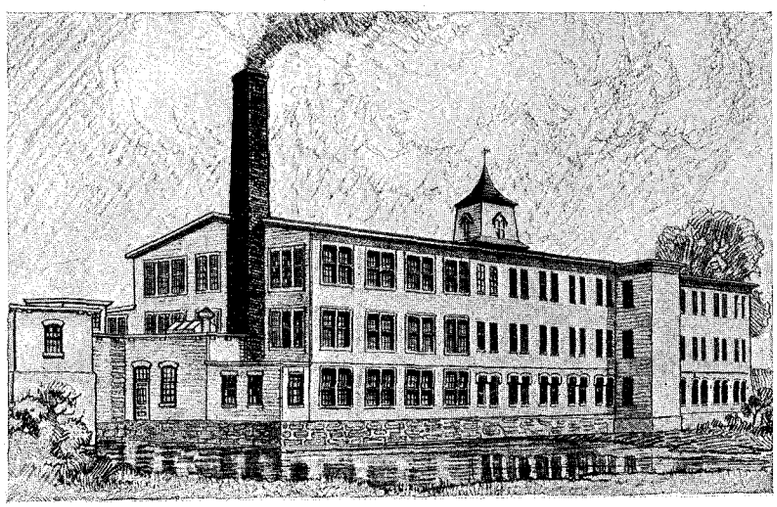
Most of the things that have been said about Mr. Wood personally are meaningless. They contribute little or nothing to an understanding of this man who operates 57 mills, employs 46,000 people, and faces a payroll of $1,000,000 a week. Stories about Mr. Wood usually issue from two classes of sentimentalists. One class is carried away by its admiration of a man who has made a success of his work. The other is carried away by its resentment against one who has managed to acquire extensive power. The one enlarges upon Mr. Wood's philanthropies. The other volleys abuses upon him for his unwillingness to give something for nothing. Both have moralized and preached at us with Mr. Wood as their text, but have left us but little the wiser about this inscrutable New England figure who weaves cloth for a worldful of backs.

FASCINATED BY HIS WORK

What manner of man is this romantic figure that has become the Gary of wool? Many have wondered. But the story can only be pieced together in fugitive and fragmentary fashion out of the extraordinary reticence which surrounds him.

It would be ridiculous to suppose that William M. Wood assembled and actuated this $100,000,000 organization for the altruistic purpose of putting labor into the hands of workers or to put clothes on the world's backs. To understand him, one must understand that he was actuated chiefly by the impulse to create. That is an impulse which is common to all men. But it is rare for that impulse to attach itself to a vitality, an energy, a will and mentality capable of setting it into powerful action.

An individual becomes important and interesting as his works are important and interesting. You cannot separate the printing press from Gutenberg or Gettysburg from Meade. History gives its chronicles in terms of the man who did the job. And William M. Wood is interesting in the same way and for precisely the same reasons that any creator of a large enterprise is interesting. You may never have worn a suit of clothes woven by the looms of the American Woolen Company; and yet the manufacture of every woolen or worsted



The Sabasticook Mills, Pittsfield, Maine

The industrial domain of William M. Wood begins in Maine

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fabric you wear has been vastly changed and improved by the influence of this man and his organization.

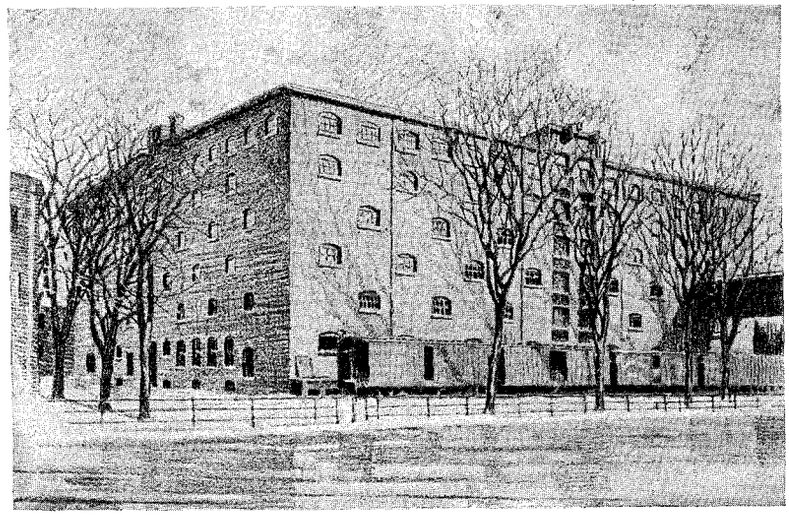
There has probably never been a notable industrial leader who remained more intensely wrapped up in his business than William M. Wood. His work alone fascinates him. You will hunt in vain in his activities for the gayeties of the Goulds or the love of sports of the Vanderbilts. He has never even played a game of golf.

"You need some recreation," one of his associates once urged. "You ought to play golf."

"I never had time to learn how to play," replied Mr. Wood.

Mr. Wood's office in Boston, overlooking the harbor, is very plain. For twenty-five years he sat at an old oak desk that he refused to part with. There is no sign of luxury. On the buff walls are three calendars of the kind issued by insurance companies. He has big plans to carry out, and only seven days a week to work at them; the calendars on his walls are symbols of the scarcity of his time. There is a blue print on the wall of one of his pipe systems. There is an honor roll of his employees who fought in the World War, and a framed letter from the colonel of the Three Hundred and Sixth Infantry, citing one employee for extraordinary valor. One sees another framed letter from Max Hart, of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, inclosing a check for $1,000,000 worth of goods. There are no trophies of the chase on his office walls. He shares his private office with others, judging from the three secretarial desks.

He was born fifty-nine years ago in romantic Edgartown, Massachusetts. His father was a mariner; his mother a cultured Englishwoman. He entered public school at the age of four. When he was a small boy, his father died, and the boy found himself shouldered with the responsibilities for the support of his mother and sister. Perhaps there was something about the hard winters of Martha's Vineyard that supplied the spark that was to drive him to the position of master of wool. The boy did odd jobs as a grocer's clerk. Trade may have been too slow to suit his restless temperament; for one day he bought a barrel of apples, polished them until they glowed, and sold them from house to house from the family wheelbarrow. It didn't take him long either to sell his supply of apples or to get fired by the grocer. This merchant resented any form of enterprise that kept trade from his doors.



One of the company's three enormous storehouses at Lawrence

The family soon moved to New Bedford, in the heart of the New England mill country, where they lived in a pitched-roof cottage in Jenny Street. After leaving the local high school, Wood was given work in the counting-room of the Wamsutta Mills, by Andrew G. Pierce, controlling head. Here his restlessness led him to spend his spare time in the midst of the machinery, and he was soon transferred to the manufacturing department.

It was at this time that one Beauvais by name, a whaler, banker, and railroader, head of J. A. Beauvais & Co., took a fancy to the young man and took him into the bank, where he devoted himself personally to the youth's training. During this period Wood acquired a respect and a passion for figures, calculations, and facts.

His next move carried him to Fall River, as bookkeeper in the Border City Cotton Mills. One day he had to send out a large mail of printed matter. Other duties were pressing, so he had the mail weighed, and found that the cost of postage would be $50. He took it to the post office, called to the clerk behind the window, and informed him that he had carefully figured out the amount of postage due.

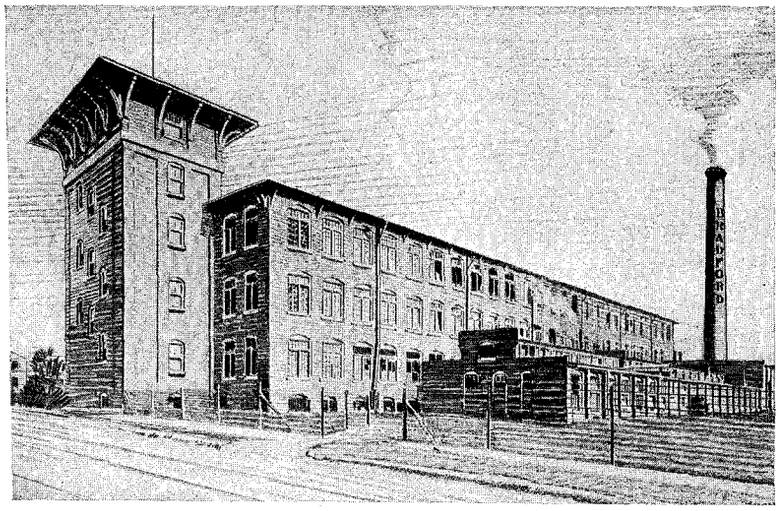
"Here's the money," he said. "Please put on the stamps."

"Here, that's not my business!" protested the postal clerk.

"Oh, yes, it is," returned the young bookkeeper, undaunted, and walked away.

The episode merely illustrates Mr. Wood's faculty of getting things done.

His combined knowledge of accounting and of manufacturing and his unwavering pluck as a yarn salesman soon led some of his friends to want to build a new mill for Mr.



The Bradford Mills, Louisville, Kentucky

—and extends clear down into the State of Kentucky

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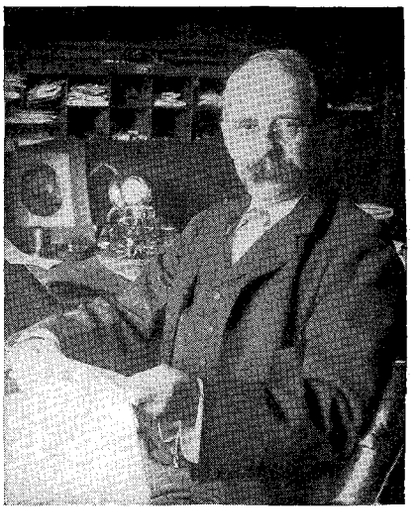


What E. H. Harriman did for railroading Mr. Wood has done for wool

Wood to manage. But much greater dreams were stirring in him, and his next step was to go to Lawrence and enter the famous Washington Mill, which, after severe vicissitudes, was then being reorganized by Frederick Ayer. The latter, quick to see the awareness and enterprise of his new assistant, made him treasurer of the concern, and piled on more and more responsibility. It is also to be recorded that the daughter of Frederick Ayer presently became Mrs. William M. Wood.

THE GARY OF WOOL

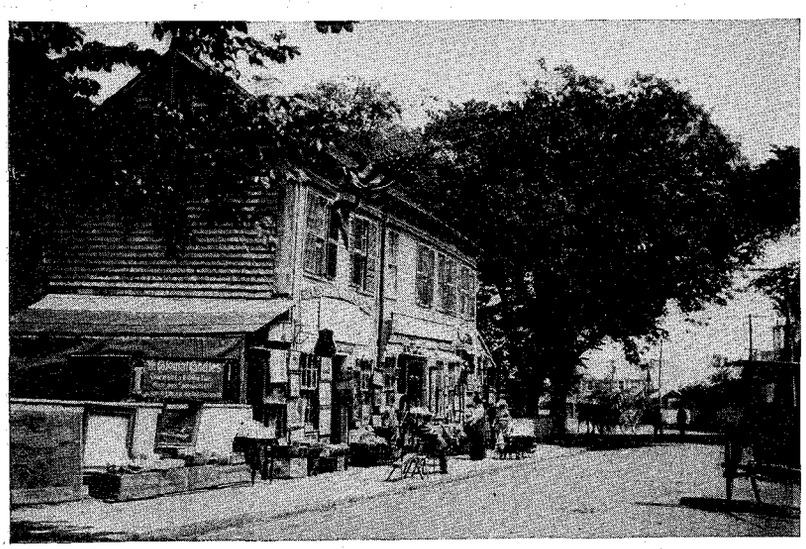
The year 1899 found Mr. Wood ready to broach an idea to his associates which he had long been pondering. The markets were demoralized and unsteady; mill was fighting mill for materials, labor, and distributions; no science of costs had ever been applied to the industry. Mr. Wood's idea was to consolidate seventeen of the foremost New England woolen mills under a single, strong, well-financed management, and thus to stabilize the whole industry.

"The idea is absurd; it can't be carried out," was the united verdict of the mill-owners.

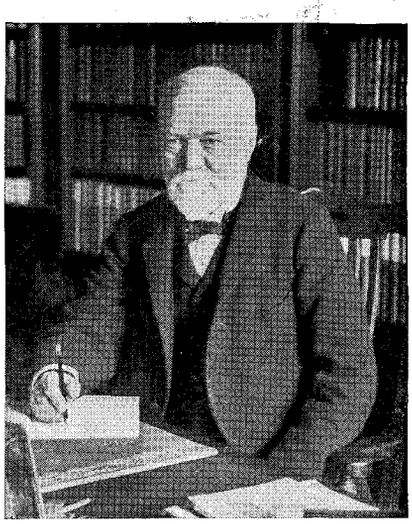
Mr. Wood made a careful study of facts and conditions. He found that even the cotton mills of the time employed superior methods. He set about assembling and formulating all the facts of woolen manufacture. What infinite pains he took will never be fully known. He went so far as to measure the drops of oil used in certain processes to arrive at an understanding of actual costs. Here was a mill man with a respect not only for dollars and cents, but for mills and the minutest fractions thereof. Little by little he inaugurated cost systems, located leaks, plugged them up, brought down overhead, made the mill pay.

Wood didn't argue the mill men into amalgamating. He was more persuasive. He showed them how to run a mill. He proved to them by his methods at the Washington Mill that these same methods would be good for other mills, good for the industry, good for labor, good for the mill towns, good for the public. When the original seventeen mills joined hands over twenty years ago at the invitation of William M. Wood, and made him the President of the new American Woolen Company, the fascinating work had only just begun for him.

It was once a one-man company. Now it is owned by over seventeen thousand stockholders, for whom



The picturesque streets of Martha's Vineyard, where the founder of the American Woolen Company spent his boyhood



Like Andrew Carnegie, William M. Wood helped usher in the era of organization

Mr. Wood and his associate executives act as managers. The impetus and vision of the founder have gradually taken hold of his associates. But it cannot be said that Mr. Wood has trained his associates and subordinates in the sense that the heads of a good many other large and successful industrial organizations train men. There is nothing pedagogical about him. He doesn't get his men together for blackboard talks or lectures. He doesn't flood the place with epigrammatic platitudes for his subordinates to paste on their walls. He doesn't try to teach them how he would do a thing and expect them to do likewise. His reticence applies even to his contact with his own officials. He plays neither the teacher nor the overseer toward his subordinates. He picks a good man, turns him loose, and lets him alone. The man's success is gauged by his ability to apply his own peculiar forces effectively to the business, and not by his ability to mimic the methods of the founder. This results in undivided responsibility, in personal initiative and enterprise. It imbues a man with singular loyalty to the company and its head.

Thus the reticence of Mr. Wood makes his men stand on their own feet and do their own job in their own best way. It seems to be an intuitive reticence, fostered by a sensitive respect for the ways of others, and explained, again, in part, by the peculiar position of Mr. Wood as the leader of the woolen industry.

Unlike the situation, for example, in cotton or steel, there is no open wool market. For this reason market conditions are singularly subject to superficial impressions. If Mr. Wood walks down the street looking worried, the impression spreads that the market is looking down. If he looks

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cheerful, it is at once supposed that the market is looking up. The trade's close and constant scrutiny of the man is thus another reason for his noted reticence.

Only a somewhat autocratic temperament could ever have founded and held together the many ponderous elements of such a company as this.

Those who complain of the sometimes autocratic ways of William M. Wood forget the ponderous elements of the business he is responsible for.

"An executive in Mr. Wood's position," explains a Harvard professor who knows him well, "is compelled to make quick and enormously important decisions. He has to make his decisions regardless of criticism. This keeps him under constant fire. It takes courage to make decisions of this kind and to stand by them. This we are likely to overlook in the public lambasting of industrial leaders. His quick decisions have perhaps given Mr. Wood the reputation of being impulsive. But his decisions, no matter how rapidly arrived at, are invariably made with singular consciousness of his responsibility alike toward his employees, his stockholders, the whole industry, the public, and the mill towns."

"NO ILLUSIONS"

Mr. Wood himself states very clearly the sense of responsibility with which he approaches his decisions.

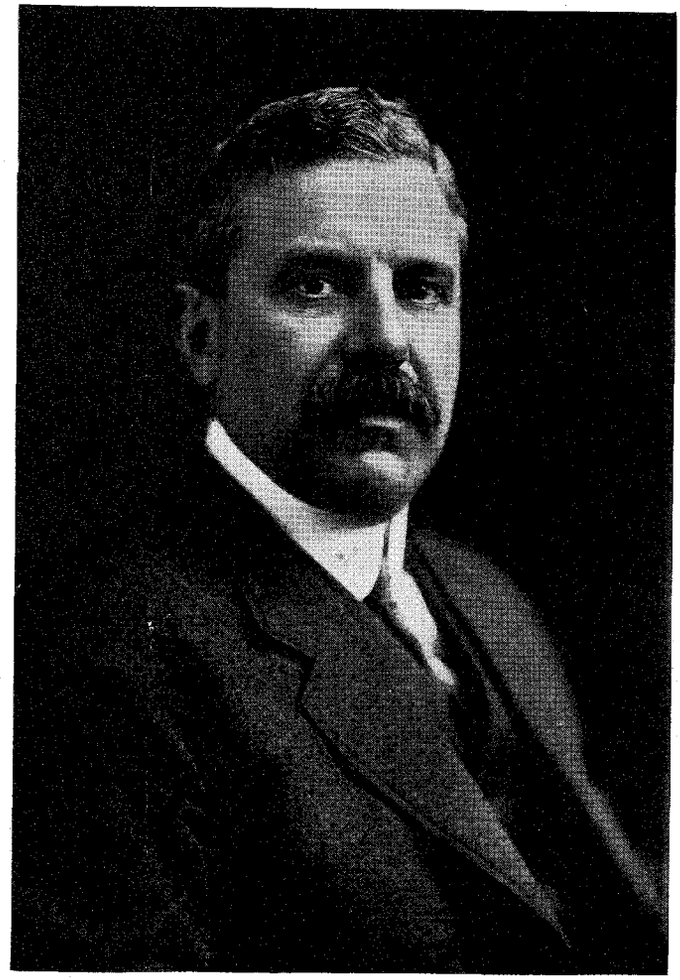
"Here I am in a sense a trustee," he declares, "charged with duties affecting the lives, prosperity, and happiness of more than forty thousand workers in our different mills, who by the iron necessity of circumstances must be personally unknown to me, and to whom of necessity I am a person of a character and of characteristics of which these workers can judge only by what I do or by what they themselves imagine and conjecture regarding me.

"On the other hand, I am as much a trustee, holding millions of dollars of property placed in my hands by thousands of investors, practically all of whom are personally as much strangers to me as the workers in the mills.

"Furthermore, I am charged with a duty to the public. The public has a right to buy cloth from the looms of this company which shall be the best cloth that can reasonably be produced for the money.

"I hardly need to point out to you how delicate these duties are in relation to each other, or how vitally they may at times conflict.

"What are the principles which are to guide one holding the position which I hold of executive management?



"History gives us its chronicles in terms of the man who did the job"

William M. Wood, Founder and President of the American Woolen Company

"The lack of personal contact, the loss of the old relations between the workers and the management, of course cripple me in this task. I cannot personally know of the conditions which surround our operatives. I cannot enter into their lives and know their thoughts as I would like to do. Many of them, as you know, do not speak our language. They have come to us from foreign lands to share with us here the liberty and the prosperity which have grown up in this wonderful land. They have come from conditions which were different, many of them sad and embittering, which are reflected in their resentments against existing institutions. They are citizens in the making, and it is a part of our duty as managers to assist in making them good citizens.

"In the past we have had our troubles and disagreements. Demands have been made by the workers which I have felt in justice to the investors and to the public I could not grant. But sometimes, no doubt, I myself have been mistaken," declares Mr. Wood, frankly.

"But the greatest mistake of all has been when the management and workers have failed to recognize the absolute necessity of team-work, sympathy, and unity of purpose in maintaining this industry upon which both of us equally depend for our livelihood.

"I indulge in no illusions. I know that we shall have our troubles and disagreements in the future, somewhat as we have had in the past, but I hope and believe that we shall approach them with a new spirit and a new appreciation, and a new regard each for the view-point of the other.

"It has been the habit of certain people to go about among the workers in our different mills in an attempt to excite in them a feeling that they are unjustly treated. Two classes have indulged in this practice. There are the social workers and philanthro-

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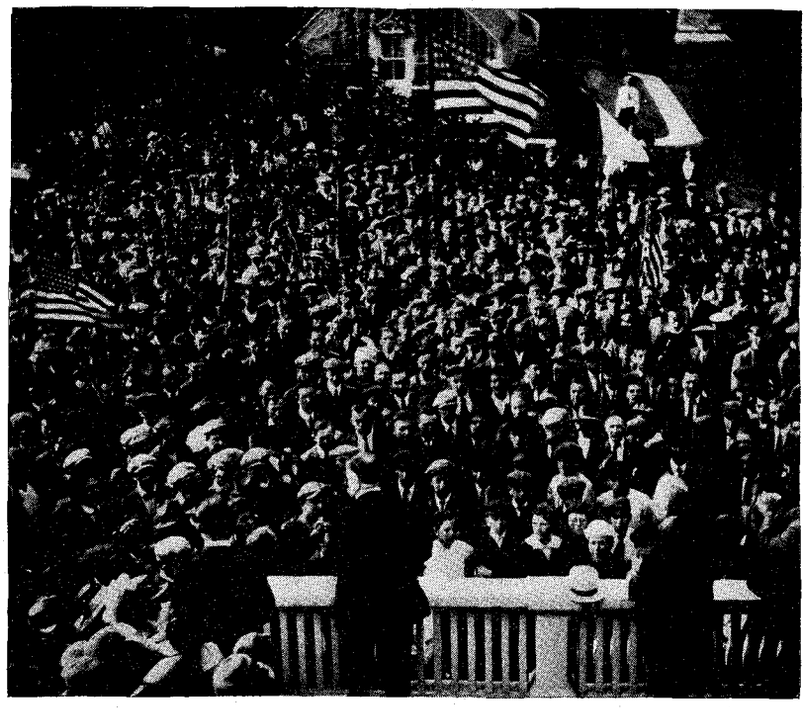

"I shall not forget as long as I live how you came to my home to-day," said Mr. Wood to thousands of his mill workers from his porch at Arden

pists, who act from a sincere desire to better the conditions of the worker and are really anxious to help. They are well-meaning people, and there can be no doubt that in some, perhaps many, cases grievances really exist—the very grievances which we are trying to remedy. Of these people I make no complaint or criticism. The purposes which they attempt to achieve are praiseworthy, but I venture to think that they might accomplish more in co-operation with the management than in stirring up feeling against it.

"Of the other class, many agitate merely to get the money which they can extract from the workers by way of assessments."

Mr. Wood then stated with clearness the bond between government and industry. He said: "There is still another duty, one which has developed considerably of late years—the duty to our Government. Within the years last past the Government not only has undertaken to supervise and control the business activities of companies like ours, but has, to a very large extent, succeeded to the position of our stockholders. The Government is a new beneficiary for which the management holds its property in trust.

"You will be a bit surprised, I think, when I tell you that for the last year for which our accounts have been made up, the American Woolen Company has paid to the Government, in taxes, an amount more than twice the amount of the nominal profit left remaining to the company—more than five times the amount of dividends paid investors. This payment to the Government was nearly two-thirds the total amount distributed to our workers in wages, although the wages during that year were the highest ever paid in the history of our company.

"Let me hasten to say, however, that I am not complaining of this payment as a burden of taxation. I do not so view it. I regard it rather as the grateful contribution of this company to the great causes for which we entered the World War; a contribution to the ideals for which we fought so successfully in foreign lands.

"Nor is this all. Do you realize what the mills of the American Woolen Company meant to the Government in the war? Do you know that but for our mills—especially the Ayer, Washington, and Wood mills at Lawrence—the task of clothing our soldiers would have been practically hopeless; that it could not have been done with anything like the expedition and success that were necessary to place our troops in the field in time to meet the crisis? And when I think that these great mills, which were the conception of the present management, gave warmth and comfort to our soldiers who fought and died in France, it thrills my heart and brings to me a deep contentment," concluded Mr. Wood.

HELPED WIN THE WAR

By stabilizing the manufacture of woolens and worsteds at that time he greatly helped the United States and the Allies to win the war. Many an Englishman has been knighted for a lesser public service. Few people can appreciate the enormous speculative risk involved when Mr. Wood abruptly ordered ninety per cent of his company's equipment converted for the manufacture of army blankets and fabrics. This was done directly we had entered the war. It was one of those decisions for which Mr. Wood is famous. It was another example of the speed with which his mind works.

The president of the American Woolen Company realized that the moment we entered the war warm blankets and uniforms were as vital as ammunition. His decision was

"Without the Ayer, Washington, and Wood Mills the task of clothing our soldiers would have been practically hopeless"

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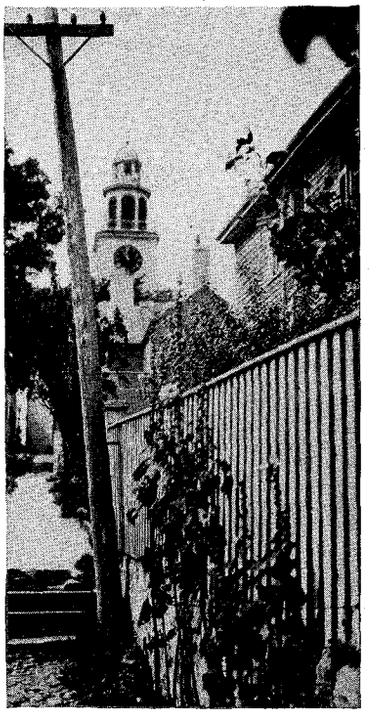
that of an executive able instantly to estimate a great immediate need and able to judge the needs of the future. Committing his company to this National service at a moment when the speed of attack depended largely upon his "yes" or "no" was an act that no patriot could have withheld and that none of his stockholders questioned.

A letter to the American Woolen Company from Rear-Admiral C. S. Williams, of the Supply Corps, United States Navy, reveals the grateful attitude of the Navy toward the remarkable alacrity and unfailing co-operation of the American Woolen Company during the recent war.

> I have been in charge of the food and clothing for the enlisted personnel for the last six years, and since the armistice have been in charge of the fleet supply base, which embraces general supplies as well as food and clothing. Before laying aside my official duties I wish to express my high appreciation of the service rendered by the American Woolen Company during the trying months following our country's entry into the World War.
>
> It is pleasant to record the fact that you were always helpful and stood not upon technicalities and that your patriotic efforts were a very material factor in keeping the Navy fed, clothed and equipped, and thus vitally assisted in the successful prosecution of the war.
>
> Please accept my deep and lasting appreciation and thanks.
>
> Faithfully yours,
> (Signed) C. S. WILLIAMS,
> Rear-Admiral, Supply Corps,
> U. S. N.

NEARLY 200 PER CENT WAGE INCREASE

One can readily understand how even an executive with intense personal sympathy for his workers should at length find himself at a loss how to deal with a hugely increased number of operatives.



The charming region of his birthplace has lingered in Mr. Wood's memory and makes him unwilling to have his workers live in unattractive homes

"I know you feel friendly toward your employees," one of his sons once said to him; "but I doubt if they know it."

"I'll prove it," answered the father. And then he added: "I had always wanted to be good to my people, but I didn't know how. There seemed to be a wall between us."

On another occasion, when thousands of his employees visited him at Arden, his old-fashioned, unpretentious estate near Lawrence, Mr. Wood said to them:

"I shall not forget as long as I live how you came to my home today. I shall never forget you. I have been closer to you than you realize. I have stood for you in conference."

The supposed inaccessibility of Mr. Wood is largely a fiction. He recently said to an interviewer: "Sit down. People seem to think that I am inaccessible, and I'm going to show you that it is more difficult to get away than to reach me. Any of my people can see me if they have a legitimate cause, and I am not the cold, distant employer which some of the newspapers have portrayed."

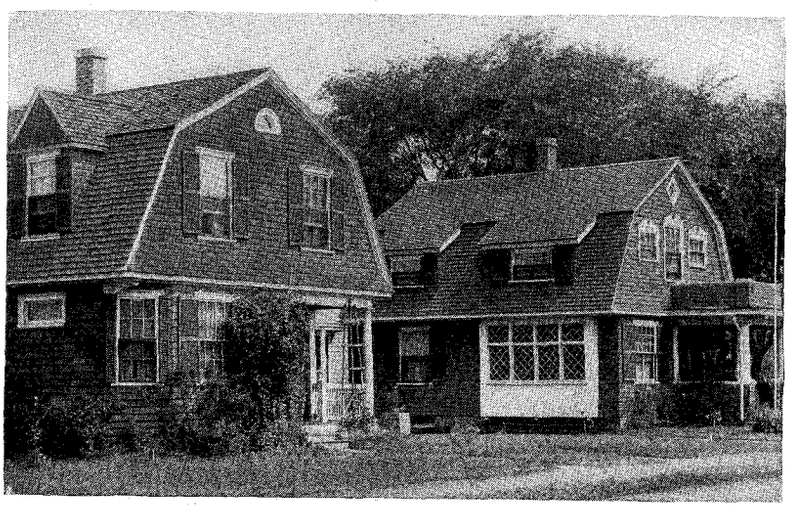
Wage increases amounting to 185.89 per cent have been awarded to employees of the American Woolen Company since June, 1916. The reduction of working hours in 1919 from fifty-four to forty-eight per week corresponds to a further wage increase of 12 per cent. This reduction of working time equaled the total reduction in the previous twenty years. Mr. Wood has been the leader in wage increases in the woolen industry in New England. The wage increases in industries generally have amounted to an average of only 55 per cent since May, 1913.

Another example of Mr. Wood's efforts on behalf of his workers is a co-operative store for his employees in Lawrence which sells commodities at about forty per cent below ordinary retail prices.

The employees' housing projects which Mr. Wood has inaugurated already include more than twenty-five hundred one-family homes. They are sold to employees on easy terms or rented to them at attractive figures. More than $500,000 has already been loaned to employees by the company for the purchase of homes. Under the Wood plan, homes can be built for $3,700 that no private Lawrence contractor would put up for less than $5,000. It helped drive out the speculators who have preyed in the past upon the mill towns.

Extensive and generous pension and life insurance plans have been inaugurated as further expressions of equitable treatment of employees.

Where other men of large means have built private golf courses on their estates, Mr. Wood has built scores of residences for superintendents, overseers, and other mill executives. Shawsheen Village it is called. It is considered a high compliment to be invited to join this colony. An administration building,



"The clean sparkle of a delightful region of Colonial homes"
The company has built more than 2,500 one-family homes for its workers

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In large and comfortable lunch rooms, the mill workers are provided with wholesome and appetizing food at cost

a company store, a park, lagoon, and band-stand have been added. A great spa is to be built. The visitor who inquires about the little stone house near the main thoroughfare of the village hears an interesting story. Once, while motoring through Washington, D. C., with one of his lieutenants, Mr. Wood saw the hut of stone at Seventeenth and S Streets in which George Washington stopped at Valley Forge.

"Get that. Don't forget it," said Mr. Wood.

The other obtained photographs, plans, and a complete description of the historic structure, and was later ordered to build its replica at Shawsheen Village, to be used as a polling-place.

From June 15 to September 15 William M. Wood places his house at Avalon, which has long been his favorite summer home, on Cuttyhunk Island, off the coast of Massachusetts in Buzzards Bay, at the disposal of his mill executives. The only charge is a nominal rate for meals. Guests may remain for two weeks and enjoy the numerous land and sea sports.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN WOOLEN

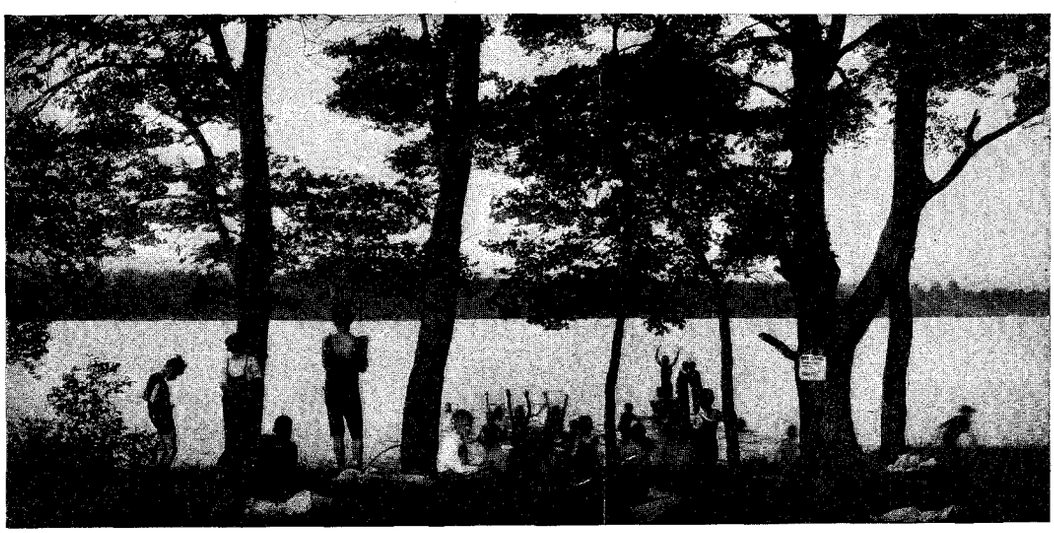
The workers of the American Woolen Company are to-day said to be in stronger sympathy with the management than ever before. In May, 1920, when there was a call for a strike meeting to demand a forty-four-hour week and a fifty per cent wage increase, it is said that only a handful of workers appeared. It is also said that the Amalgamated Textile Workers of the World can't pay their rent in Lawrence.

The labor department of the American Woolen Company has established a house organ which instructs the mill workers and their families in American citizenship, the English language, and housework, besides keeping them informed in lively manner of the news of the mill folk.

At the 1921 spring exhibit of fabric of the American Woolen Company in New York, extensive purchases were made by buyers who had never before bought any but imported fabrics. A feature of this sale was the unusually low price at which fabrics were marketed, in order to enable distributers to do business with confidence in view of the unsettled market conditions which have prevailed during the past year.

The profit of the American Woolen Company is understood to have been less than one dollar on a suit of clothes last year. If the cloth were to be given away by the American Woolen Company, it would not make a great deal of difference in the final cost of a $60 suit. The average of twenty per cent reductions which the American Woolen Company has made in its goods for next year reduces the cost of 3⅓ yards of fabric per suit from about $13.50 to about $11.02. But the American Woolen Company has, of course, no control over the price that the clothing manufacturer or retailer shall charge the purchaser for a finished suit.

There are thousands who think of the American Woolen Company only in terms of shipments of fabrics to be cut up into suits. Thousands think of it only in terms of mill jobs. Thousands think of it only in terms of the shares of its preferred or common stocks which they own, and to these thousands of stockholders have been added thousands of additional ones during the past few years. But the American Woolen Company and its founder are compelled to be always guided by the interests of all three groups, and of the Government and the public as well. The task is as delicate as it is ponderous. It requires all the creative talent of its executives, patiently applied.



In a roomy farmhouse on the shore of Baldpate Lake, owned by Mr. Wood, are vacation accommodations for 53 boys at a time, sons of Lawrence mill workers

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